


HOW COULD I BE FORGETTING?



BEN HUR LAMPMAN



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Sincerely
Ben Hur Lampman

HOW COULD I BE FORGETTING?





"How Could I Be Forgetting?"—Page 7.

How Could I Be Forgetting!

By BEN HUR LAMPMAN

BEING A COMPILATION OF SOME OF HIS EDITORIAL WRITINGS AND
POEMS, HERETOFORE PUBLISHED PRINCIPALLY IN
THE MORNING OREGONIAN

Illustrated by Howard L. Stroupe

Jacket Design by C. L. Smith

1933

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TO LENA

*who is very patient with me, but
holds that the kitchen is
not the place to
clean fish.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT IS MADE TO THE EDITORS OF
THE MORNING OREGONIAN, THE NEW YORK
TIMES, SATURDAY EVENING POST, NATURE
MAGAZINE AND SUNSET MAGAZINE FOR
PERMISSION TO REPRINT THE
EDITORIALS AND POEMS IN
THIS VOLUME

PREFACE

VARIOUS readers of *The Oregonian* have, now and again, suggested that I gather together certain verses and editorial articles with which they were pleased, and which have mainly appeared in that newspaper, and print these in a book. The reason why the book might not be published rose toweringly. But after a while, some friends and I, we clambered over them—and this is what we found beyond the hill.

I will not urge you to be indulgent, for this I have neither wish nor right to do—but if you should see a crow against sunrise, as you read, or hear the drums of ocean, or be moved to a mood of kindness toward all creatures great and small, I am repaid and well content.

Upstairs in the composing room Mr. Gibson and the printers who set the type for the book, and chose the initial letters, and made up the pages, planned and toiled for a friend. And Mr. Foulks, who is their superintendent, looked on the proofs as on his own. And Mr. Smith, who worked out the jacket design, and Mr. Stroupe, who drew the illustrations, placed me equally in their debt for something more than the task demanded.

I hope you will like this book—since really it has no other motive or excuse for donning covers and venturing into far better company than its own.

THE AUTHOR.

*The Oregonian Editorial Rooms,
December, 1926.*

FOREWORD

IF I am to tell the truth about it—and I will, as I hope I always do, if I tell anything—I do not actually know poetry from mere verse. I am obliged usually to take some one else's word for it. I have had long and severe training, too, in appreciation of poetry. When I was young—quite young—I read Shelley, Keats, Cowper, Pope, Cowley, Meredith and a host of others—to say nothing of the classics—faithfully, from cover to cover, and was glad in every instance when the job was done. I got along a little better with Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson and Byron, diverse as they were in their respective styles, themes and inspirations. I love song and feel rhythm; but poetry for the most part eludes me. I have for many years thought that, since there is no doubt that I enjoy and understand great literature, there must be something wrong with me when it comes to poetry. But lately I have reached a conclusion more satisfying, not to say flattering, to myself. I do not think there is anything wrong with me; but there is something wrong with most poets.

All this is mere prelude to the statement that I never yet read a line of Ben Hur Lampman's poetry that I did not enjoy and appreciate; and I have read a lot of it. I know why, too. Here is a poet who has sentiment, feeling, felicity, humor, lucidity and something to say; and the greatest of these is lucidity. The trouble with many poets is that they express themselves badly, so that they convey no thought worth while, probably because they have nothing worth while to say. That is it. They lose themselves in their scheme of versification. How can they expect their readers to know what it is all about when they don't themselves know? Lampman knows.

I have briefly discussed the merits of Ben Hur Lampman as a poet, but that is only the beginning of the record. He is the most versatile writer I know, or have known. He is reporter, commentator, story-teller, naturalist, historian and poet. He was among the best reporters ever on *The Oregonian*; he is among the best editorial writers. He is capable of original thought, and knows how to express it; but, better still for the purposes of a newspaper, he can take your thought and express it better than you yourself

can. He has written many editorial articles for *The Oregonian*, all marked by sincerity, knowledge, facility and by rare humor, and often by great beauty. The range of his topics is astonishing. He has a distinguished style, and he never fails to make his point. I would call him a genius, except that I prefer to think of him as the lovable, sympathetic and altogether human person that he is.

This is a collection of Ben Hur Lampman's editorial articles and poems, issued by his loving friends. Through them you see and know Lampman.

EDGAR B. PIPER.

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HOW COULD I BE FORGETTING?

OLD BILL BENT TO DRINK

One of the characteristics of the water from the springs at Ritter is said to be that if anyone ever takes a drink of it he (or she, as the case may be) will never tell the truth again.—"Those Who Come and Go," in *The Morning Oregonian*.

WILLIAM SMITH, known to the countryside as Old Bill, was a gruff man, but just. There was resident in him none of that fine fancy which prompts less rigid characters to gild the lily and enhance the lost trout. To Old Bill a spade was ever a spade, and had there been a term more terse, more homely, more flatly descriptive of the tool, he would have used it. Though far from being a cynic, for to be cynical one must needs distort the fact, he possessed the unhappy faculty of clouding the sunniest day by brutal truthfulness. It is a matter of common knowledge that he broke his eldest daughter's heart, and made a spinster of her, by forever harping upon her lack of charm and pulchritude and the prevalence and color-tone of her freckles. This he held to be his duty as a parent. The fact of the matter was that Martha, the younger, was quite a different person when picking flowers, an avocation she afterwards abandoned.

There were many stories current a generation ago of Old Bill Smith—the hard of mouth, the stern of eye, the gruff of speech. In the days of their courtship his wife had been a comely girl, it was surmised, so much so that even her too candid gallant had, according to legend, once observed that she was as pretty as a rose—for Bill had youth then and could stretch the truth to gain an end. With the years came several children, a bevy of minor Bills and Marthas, and after the manner of hill women the elder Martha lost her looks somewhere along the road of motherhood. Her lord regarded these changes without disfavor, for he rightly construed them to be natural and inevitable. But neighbors thought, and said in their gossip, that this conclusion scarcely warranted his obdurate attitude toward the purchase of a pink straw bonnet with blue forget-me-nots. If Old Bill heard the tittle-tattle about him he paid no heed. A righteous man should vanquish vanity in himself and his, and hold in abhorrence the tender falsehoods of the unregenerate. Such a man was Old Bill Smith.

It happened one day that, having oiled his rifle and thrust a salt-pork sandwich in the pocket of his shirt, Old Bill went out to hunt—having no premonition of disaster. He ranged wide, dipping stealthily into canyons and clambering as silently out, and in the heat of the day his craft was rewarded by a glimpse of dun through the junipers and the flirt of heavy antlers. The merest glimpse was enough for Old Bill, who shot as straight as he talked, and the echo of his rifle drifted far and far to the cabin, where Martha, the elder, leaned on her hoe in the corn and commented in a dull voice that dad had his deer. Now the truth, as Old Bill confessed grimly to himself, was that he had held a bit too low and had but crippled the buck—which crashed in headlong, weakened flight away to the west.



The hour was far past noon, and the sky cloudless and blazing, when Old Bill came upon his quarry and broke its proud neck with a single shot. His was the dusty thirst of the hunter who has followed a long trail. It seemed most providential that the fern at his feet should be lush with moisture and musical with the trickle of water. He brushed the fern aside, dropped to his stout old knees and drank—drank heavily though the water was odd of flavor and warm to his tongue. Water was water to Old Bill. But as he drank he was vaguely alarmed to feel himself all a-tingle, from head to

heel, and to note an amazing lightness, a free and not unpleasing giddiness mount to his brain. Some new purpose, he knew not what, stirred restlessly in him. Old Bill laid these symptoms to the sun, deftly shouldered his buck and made off toward home.

It seemed to him, as he trudged up hill and down, that the fluttering call of the mountain quail was finer music than a mouth-organ or a fiddle, and that the distant rush and shouting of the south fork was melody. Having never before entertained such a reverie, Old Bill was at loss to understand the mood, and found some comfort in the reflection that a pipe in the shade would speedily restore him, once he had reached the cabin. So he came down the lane at length, and over the rails of the fence, and toward Martha, drudging in the corn. And as he came a thickness formed in his throat, a wet haze blurred the chill blue eyes of him, and he saw the faded woman as one infinitely dear and more than beautiful. She was as pretty as a rose.

"Martha!" he called to her, "Martha!"

Old Bill Smith died a liar, long years afterward. He often said that his later years were the happiest of his life, a fact he could not account for and did not seek to. The neighborhood was equally at loss to understand the complete metamorphosis of Old Bill. The folks around about him used to laugh and nudge one another whenever he began to talk, for it was evident that some very tall narrative would form presently in the fog of his pipe—some tale as absurd as it was kindly. When Old Bill passed, to the end denying that he was in pain, there were many to mourn him and his funeral was exceptionally well attended.



HE WAS A COUNTRY DOCTOR

FOR almost forty years Dr. Otis Dole Butler practiced medicine in the little city of Independence, Oregon—the town that was his birthplace. There he held the keys of life and death, in so far as any mortal may hold them, and in all ways was an honor to the privileged and important post that was his. For he was a country

doctor. This would be the best of epitaphs to carve on his stone. That he died in harness, and through one of the hazards of his calling, lends a sort of humble splendor—if it were needed—to the passing of this unpretentious friend of man.



Dr. Butler was the son of an early and respected Oregon family, and his educational progress found its milestones in the public schools of Polk county, Christian college at Monmouth, and the old Willamette Medical college in Portland. He had practiced in Independence since 1887. Will those novelists who write of the futility of life in country towns, of the lost endeavor of men who serve in country towns, give a glance to the pages of this record? Not they. For how could they comprehend that one might love his neighbor so greatly as to spend the better part of a lifetime in a country town, ministering to mothers in childbirth, contending against cruel and insidious epidemics, soothing and smoothing the inevitable decline of age, sharing each joy and sorrow of that small community—and sharing sorrow in far greater proportion than joy? Main street—and here a friend that had been returned from the very borders of death, and there a smiling girl whose life, in infancy, had been given back to her by the country doctor. Thus, wherever he might look were those who had called to him for aid and comfort and healing when they had somehow lost a grip on life.

We are aware that the country doctor has been upbraided by his fellow practitioners of the city for an alleged failure to keep stride

with medical, surgical and scientific advance. Though the indictment does not apply to the late Dr. Butler, his life is its most fitting answer. It may be doubted that any city doctor knows the gruelling toil of a country practice, or is quite so tired at times as country doctors are. It may be doubted that he knows what it is to make the best of adverse circumstances, over which he has no possible control; to pick up the challenge and to fight with terrible earnestness against defeat made probable by lack of those appliances and remedies for which the city doctor has but to beckon. Each is a friend to humanity, and in such friendship there can be no important gradations, yet one thinks that country doctors have ever the sterner battle in fields more barren.

This good man, Dr. Butler, practiced in Independence long before the time of highways and of automobiles. He knew the penetrating drift of the rain storm, the shrewd fingers of the sleet, the swollen stream, the all but impassable roads, the bridge that was down, the gale of snow—and the high and terrible urgency that drove him on even as he drove the floundering, weary team. He knew the night ride, the terrified pounding at the door, the lantern on the porch, the long miles ahead. One thinks that the country doctor was and is a hero of sorts, and that figures less noble than his have been cast in bronze and set up for the homage of the race. A casual, unconsidered, friendly, available and modest hero—quite literally the humanitarian who lived in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to man.

It would be a fine epitaph for Dr. Otis Dole Butler. "He was a country doctor." It compresses the code of a most exacting service, and there is a ring to the words like the tone of a trumpet.



AT THE GATES OF MORNING

IT is fine to stand at the gates of morning, on a day in autumn, when the ducks are flying. Something older and more meaningful than history is roused in our veins by the smell of the marshes, and the whistle-whisper of wings, of those taut feathers

beating swiftly at resistant air. The east is in process of most wonderful awakening, and every rush is beaded heavily with dew. There is a sound of muffled, musical splashing where the flocks alight. And now the cottonwoods are fired. Mark! Huge and oncoming in the thin mist. To the south. To the east. Mark!

Young Ishmael learned the skill of the bow, and became an archer fit to stand before kings. This thirst is an ancient one. There is much of beauty in its settings, much of philosophy in its practice, and it teaches patience and sureness. The echo of the gun is given back by the distant trees. You have killed food as your fathers killed it, yet this drake in the brown pool, with a breeze tugging at his feathers, should mean more to you than ever such a bird meant to them. Let us be practical, of course, since it is only a wild duck that will not fly again. But let us be something else, as well, or we have profited little this morning.

A master artistry gave color to this plumage, prescribed the lustre of the neck, the glistening speculum of the wings, the soft, warm undertones of the breast. Here is no fowl of the stables, heavy and laggard, but a creature so fleet that the peregrine strikes and misses—a bird born to the freedom of the marshes, and given a heritage broad as the continent. And men who seek to draw this bird on canvas, with paints that strive to catch the beauty of these hues, create a likeness now and then that we approve. We call them artists and we celebrate their work. Yet always the picture lacks for the beauty, the living romance, that is in the wild creature itself. There is but one artist and He draws in life and not from it.

It is said that the ducks are not flying well as yet. This is excellent news. Enough are flying to provide the day with its sport, and as for those that do not curve down to the decoys, they live to fly another time. The law sets its limitations upon the bag. So many wild ducks may be lawfully killed by the hunter, and no more. To strive always to take as many as the law permits is to press the law closely, and dangerously, all things considered. We should be content with less, and, strange as such logic may appear, learn thereby to gain more.

HOW COULD I BE FORGETTING?

OFTEN I try to remember fragments of things,
As how many days has November, and names of kings,
And measures for corn and barley, and hay in the stack—
But always they will elude me and won't come back.
That which I learn for tomorrow is quite forgotten today,
As a mist that meets a breeze and is driven away.
How strange I should remember, for many and many a June,
The lilt and the running laughter of an old tune.

When I open a book to follow the way a scholar should,
Fleet as a glancing swallow my heart is off to the wood;
The lines are dim before me and have no meaning, while
I stand in a lane by the river, at the end of a country mile.
There is wind on the water, and a sprinkle of dancing rain,
And I am so glad within me that the joy of it hurts like pain—
I have closed the book without knowing what it is all about,
But well, so well, I remember the glint of a leaping trout.

So I have given it over, and am minded not to try
Ever again to recover such matters as when and why,
And how many days has November, and names of kings,
And any number of other very important things.
It seems I must be content with trivial memories, quite
Like one I have of the stars on a windless winter night,
Or one of a golden wave on an acre I'd sown to grain—
And how could I be forgetting the whisper that heralds rain?

The best of a sorry bargain—yet in my heart I am glad,
For I have kept each picture that I have ever had—
I've but to dream for a moment, and so in a moment to be
Dazed with a wind from ocean and filled with a sight of the sea;
But to reflect for a moment, and then to stand in the rain,
Silver rain by the river, where the bright trout leap again;
For I could never remember the rules that are found in books—
But how could I be forgetting the way that a sunset looks?

Under a dark sky sweeping three gulls are driven by—
Given into my keeping till the day that I come to die;
The sheen of a mallard's feather, a blackened tree on a hill,
And a whitened weave of waters where the stream will not be still;
All spider-webs at seven, when they are heavy with dew,
And cold and bright with fires, burning in white and in blue;
Trumpets ringing above me—I cannot remember a sum—
But how could I be forgetting the way the wild geese come?



HIS HAT BLEW OFF

IT IS CREDIBLY reported that on a recent windy day here in Portland a middle-aged pedestrian was so unfortunate as to lose his hat. The fingers of the gale snatched it from his head and twirled it merrily away down the street. There was nothing unusual in the situation itself, since this often happens on such days, and always is productive of much laughter, but the subsequent demeanor of the hatless pedestrian was truly extraordinary. He did not give frantic chase, as is the custom, but strolled leisurely after, the trace of a confident smile creasing his jowls. A dozen paces ahead there sped not one, but three, volunteer rescuers, and the nimblest of these retrieved the hat, restoring it to its owner with that air of happy pride characteristic of him who has done a service. The middle-aged gentleman received the hat gratefully, and, as he brushed its adventurous brim on his sleeve, bowed to his benefactor and thanked him.

"I have never," he said later to an acquaintance, "chased my own hat. Quite early in life I discovered a great truth, which has since been of much assistance to me and has spared me considerable embarrassment. It is this: Somebody will always chase your hat for you. Thus my hat is restored without effort on my part, while at the same time I rejoice to think that I have permitted the heart of another to expand in brotherhood, in the spirit of service, of helpfulness. It appears to me that either of these ends is desirable, and if the first may seem selfish, I am privileged to point to the second

in denial of a motive so self-centered and unworthy. For who am I to refuse my fellow man the least opportunity to refresh himself with an unselfish act?"

There is something singular about this reasoning, however delightful the philosophy may be, and one is at a loss to define the flaw in what appears to possess the qualities of genuine amber. But the principle laid down by this sagacious student of human nature is no new article in the code of human conduct, and is, for aught we may know, as old a law as that which decrees the courses of the planets. It is intimately identified with those instinctive responses to the need of another which bear the names of sacrifice and heroism and charity. Because of this identification one is constrained to suspect that our pedestrian philosopher has played a sharp trick on a worthy motive in permitting these lowly knights-errant to pursue his hat and restore it to him. For what do we see, figuratively, in the glimpse he has given us of human motivations?

Indeed, we perceive countless thousands of unselfish souls to be in close, breathless and magnificent pursuit of the escaping hats of others! They gallop away into the years, to the neglect of their own affairs and often to the detriment of worthier causes, that they may claim the privilege of restoring hats to the hatless. So fine a sum of effort is apparent in this perpetual pursuit of the lost hats of able-bodied strangers, and so relatively unimportant are hats in the great plan of human happiness, that we begin to wonder if an important principle is not commonly misapplied.



ONCE UPON A TIME

THERE was once, so the tale tells, a place or country called the Friendly Forest. It came by this name because of a benevolence that was evident to the dullest of persons. As to the boundaries of that cool and comely land, they began where the last corn ripens, and in some part they were defined by a broad and hasty stream that was forever telling of mountains which might, on a fine day and from a hill, be descried in distance as a flowing scarf of pearl

and amethyst. The boundary beyond, so it was said, was remote past all telling, and but little known save to those who dwelt there. You might enter this forest anywhere, at the gateway of the river where the cliffs were painted; through the notch in the foothills whence the gray squirrels came for mast, or by the twisting game trails that sought the meadows. It was not forbidden to enter the Friendly Forest and partake of its cheer.

It chanced, we are assured by the chronicle, that a wayfarer came to its fringes one day and saw scarlet berries against fern and leaf, and the painted cliffs rising with astonishment from the stream that had hewn them. Now this wayfarer was at the time weary, not so much from miles, of which there had been many, as from certain problems that had drawn too near to him, and from which he sought not final escape but only respite. There is no weariness of the flesh that may be compared to this, and for such an ill the forest was known to be a particular remedy or charm. So, when he came at length to the forest, and knew that his heart had leaped to hear so homely a cadence as the pounding of a woodpecker, and that the strange cliffs might be interpreted by one to whom time was a figment, he plunged into its shadows as you plunge into a pool. In the forest he dwelt for many days, considering matters so vitally important as to be of small consequence elsewhere, and learning much that was needful to learn, and forgetting much that was needful to forget. And in the forest he found healing.

There was no day on which he did not meet some citizen of that country, and these were birds of muted color and beasts whose gift it was to disappear while yet they should have been visible. Having no fear of them, nor any secret thought in his heart, they came to have small fear of him, so that in time he knew them all and had observed them well at their affairs. From such employment he derived no small degree of interest, and knew a hundred triumphs, and was aware of the open book whose pages may never be quite transcribed by the scholar, nor wholly deciphered by anyone, but which are at times clearer than print and more logical than any sermon. He went far inward from the boundary, so far that the remote mountains revealed their features; and he ranged wide

through the forest, so widely that he came to the place where streams are born, and the best of all water may be had for the stooping. Calm days. Nights that whispered to sleep, until the ear was drowsy, and on a moment it was morning. In the Friendly Forest he found, as they had said he would, that healing for which it was celebrated. And, being healed, there was no longer need for him to tarry.

"I am kin and cousin to this forest, and to all things within it," he said as he broke the last camp and smoked the last pipe. His look roved from the painted cliffs to the grand, serene sweep of it, and up and over and beyond to the flowing scarf of pearl and amethyst which was mountains. He blessed it with unspoken word, and he left it as friend leaves friend—or so he thought. In the gray ash of the last camp an ember quickened.

Outward he walked, and onward, putting the miles aside as nothing. He strode the hill as though it had been level ground, and song was in his veins. There was a place whence one might send a final message to the forest, and see the painted cliffs no taller than a flint, and the flow and sweep of the trees toward the boundaries that lie back of beyond. It was a crest where trails met and roads began. He turned to say good-bye. And as he turned the Friendly Forest gave a glint that was not sun. Wore a vapor that was not mist. Upward, as a red spear tossed, flashed a tall flame.



THE WOMAN WITH THE UMBRELLA

WOULD you know what is more terrible than an army with banners? Picture this army for yourself before you answer. The tossing silken standards, the fires that are stricken from breast-plate and helmet and blade, the luminosity of a charger's flank as the beast wheels in the sunshine. That dread, inexorable advancing host is terrible enough, you may be sure. But this is more terrible than an army with banners—the determined, purposeful, reckless onslaught of the woman with the umbrella. Brave men have quailed to face it, have flinched, have leaped aside, clapping hand to eye

and emitting the plaintive wail of the wounded. In Old Testament times they chose the most striking simile they could think of—"as terrible as an army with banners." Those venerable scribes, white beards wagging above the scroll, knew nothing of the woman with the umbrella. Peace to them.

Lose yourself in the busy street, when the sweet south wind bears great drops of rain before it—the wind and rain on your face, and in your heart a consciousness of wistful contentment, a mood of dream, wherein benevolence and charity reside. The pavement is burnished ebony, or so it seems, and awnings strive and tug at their lashings, and the air is newly laundered, and within a month at this rate 'twill be time to plant the early peas. Lost yourself . . . ha! Have a care, madam! She is upon you with a rush and a thrust. Age, color and previous condition of servitude are hidden by the silken shield, from which projects the menacing, deadly ferrule. Elude it! Why, sir, it is possessed of an instinct superior to intelligence, for though you dodge never so nimbly it bears its point again toward you. That was a noble leap! For the moment you are safe, but dews of terror mingle with the rain upon your face. Whew!

And so it goes. It were short of precise to call it a battle. It is a rout. The woman with the umbrella is legion, and to the last Amazon of them all she is persuaded that naught may presume to withstand her. How serviceable a battalion of these should prove in time of riot. To clear the streets and restore order would need no second charge. Only the clanging ambulances, gleaning along the way. Be vigilant, sir and brother. When the woman with the umbrella is abroad, on a rainy, windy day, is no time for meditative maundering. What is more terrible than an army with banners? You've said it.



WHERE TO BURY A DOG

A SUBSCRIBER of the *Ontario Argus* has written to the editor of that fine weekly, propounding a certain question, which, so far as we know, yet remains unanswered. The question is this—

"Where shall I bury my dog?" It is asked in advance of death. *The Oregonian* trusts the *Argus* will not be offended if this newspaper undertakes an answer, for surely such a question merits a reply, since the man who asked it, on the evidence of his letter, loves the dog. It distresses him to think of his favorite as dishonored in death, mere carrion in the winter rains. Within that sloping, canine skull, he must reflect when the dog is dead, were thoughts that dignified the dog and honored the master. The hand of the master and of the friend stroked often in affection this rough, pathetic husk that was a dog.

We would say to the Ontario man that there are various places in which a dog may be buried. We are thinking now of a setter, whose coat was flame in the sunshine, and who, so far as we are aware, never entertained a mean or an unworthy thought. This setter is buried beneath a cherry tree, under four feet of garden loam, and at its proper season the cherry strews petals on the green lawn of his grave. Beneath a cherry tree, or an apple, or any flowering shrub of the garden, is an excellent place to bury a good dog. Beneath such trees, such shrubs, he slept in the drowsy summer, or gnawed at a flavorful bone, or lifted head to challenge some strange intruder. These are good places, in life or in death. Yet it is a small matter, and it touches sentiment more than anything else. For if the dog be well remembered, if sometimes he leaps through your dreams actual as in life, eyes kindling, questing, asking, laughing, begging, it matters not at all where that dog sleeps at long and at last. On a hill where the wind is unrebuked, and the trees are roaring, or beside a stream he knew in puppyhood, or somewhere in the flatness of a pasture land, where most exhilarating cattle graze. It is all one to the dog, and all one to you, and nothing is gained, and nothing lost—if memory lives. But there is one best place to bury a dog. One place that is best of all.

If you bury him in this spot, the secret of which you must already have, he will come to you when you call—come to you over the grim, dim frontiers of death, and down the well-remembered path, and to your side again. And though you call a dozen living dogs to heel they shall not growl at him, nor resent his coming, for he is

yours and he belongs there. People may scoff at you, who see no lightest blade of grass bent by his footfall, who hear no whimper pitched too fine for mere audition, people who may never really have had a dog. Smile at them then, for you shall know something that is hidden from them, and which is well worth the knowing. The one best place to bury a good dog is in the heart of its master.



THE CASE OF UNCLE HENRY

PARTISANS in petticoats or pantaloons, and divided into two hostile camps, have long bickered over the question as to who is the truly important member of the family—the good wife or the good man. For the reason that there is much pertinent argument either way, and seemingly unanswerable, these factions are as hopelessly disagreed as they were when Babel was building. This is one of the ancient and perennial controversies, and whoever approaches it with the promise of solution is a bold though foolish adventurer, who cannot possibly escape without scath, and who would evince discretion if he abandoned the matter and proved, instead, that one may tweak the whiskers of the trapped lion and retain his poise.

Here is no pretense of unriddling the dispute, but merely a calm and retrospective reply to the feminine correspondent who declares that young men should cease to fret about the qualifications of their prospective wives, and take stock of their own assets as husbands-to-be. The correspondent has observed an alarming unrest among the young men of today, a hesitancy to be haltered, which is born of the doubt that modern girls are sound housewives. This attitude the correspondent is out of patience with, her rejoinder being that the risk attendant upon taking a husband is fully as great. Will he, she asks in effect, prove equal to a clogged drain pipe, a refractory electric light, or a leaking faucet? If not, woe to him! He is a failure.

Here we remembered our Uncle Henry, the kindest, most capable soul that ever made a violin out of a cigar box. Uncle Henry, studiously frowning over his deft jackknife, while the tiny shavings curled slowly and neatly away from the masterpiece. A good

man was Uncle Henry, take him by and large, never at loss in a household emergency, never flustered nor flurried, and endowed with a Jovian complacency. Uncle Henry had a job on the railroad, and knew all the call-boys by name—so frequently did they beseech him to turn out—but his real pursuit was the fixing of things. To show Uncle Henry a leaking faucet was to fill his simple being with unalloyed delight; to complain of a rusty lock was to give the worthy fellow a half hour of bliss. He asked no odds of these household chores, not he: these were to him as the soup of duck. For Uncle Henry was the reincarnation of some jolly tinker. Poor Uncle Henry!

Skilled as he was in solving the mysteries of rusty locks, learned as he was in the anatomy of alarm clocks, sage as was his counsel when it came to the setting of a hen, tuneful though his cigar-box violins proved ever to be—the truth was that Uncle Henry failed to master the material mechanisms of life. He was not a good provider, save of jovial, blunt pleasantries, and his skill with a jack-knife availed him little when the railroad was seeking an underling for promotion. He could mend a tea-kettle with loving craft and a blob of solder, utilizing the stove-lifter as an iron, but his own affairs were perforated by mishaps and those who depended upon his care were often low at heart. Perhaps there was a place for Uncle Henry in the world, but at all events he never found it. He was too busily engaged at his tinkering.

Just as it is possible, however strange it may seem, for a housewife to be too competent, so is it possible for the good man to be too clever around home. Uncle Henry was a saddening example. We cite his quite ordinary case merely as proof that genuine competency in the husband is of larger gauge than a knack for the conquest of dripping faucets. True it is that an ideal husband, under circumstances which indicate frugality, should be qualified to tinker a tea-kettle—fully as qualified as the wife to bake biscuits that bounce. Yet such should not constitute his ambition, for it is far more important that he should be able to recompense a tinker for the job, or to buy another kettle. Let him, as he toils, remember Uncle Henry whittling at a fiddle.



THE GOLDEN GIFT OF DREAMS

I.

THE Lord God walked in His garden,
Where the stars grow tall and bright;
And He looked to the fields of Arden
Beyond the pool of night.
For this was His thought at seven,
Born as He walked apart,
To fashion from earth and heaven
A gift for the mother heart.

II.

"O take," said He, "full measure
Of grief that is reckoned gain,
And the laugh of a child for treasure,
And sorrows that fall like rain."
He paused and looked toward Arden,
Down that sweet slope of sky—
"Now these," said God in His garden,
"Be yours till you come to die."

III.

Stooping, He chose her a flower
That blooms on the sod of the sun,
With a lily that has its hour
When the long day is done.
"All warmth and pity forever
Are yours by this sign," He said:
"And I give you such faith that never
Your love shall hang its head."

IV.

The Lord God smiled in His garden,
Where the stars nod cool and white;
And He turned His smile toward Arden,
Beyond the pool of night.
"And if," said He "in My giving
I have given less than it seems,
Take then as the best of living,
My golden gift of dreams."



IN OREGON WHEN AUTUMN COMES

IT IS believed that the season of spring, most of all, causes mortals to wish and wish for another skyline. There is sorcery in the soft skies and magic in the soft breeze. Where would you go if you were footloose then? Sir, there are lands that must be seen if one would rest content. To such a land we would go in April, the turf underfoot, the geese overhead. So it is with spring. Yet this enchantment of restlessness, which makes its thrall a mildly discontented fellow, is not peculiar to spring, no matter what they say. The season of autumn weaves it, too.

What should be sad in the falling of spent leaves, of leaves that have decked themselves in bridal hues to keep a tryst with death? The leaves are glad enough. They spiral down from their parent

twigs, and golden and red they are, to carpet the loam of which they must become a part. If a wind drives over them they are blithe to dance in the hazy sunshine of autumn. The leaves are not saddened by this most natural of fates. In death is found rebirth, and the tree lives. Nothing is lost in nature, nothing wasted. These leaves shall, in a manner of speaking, break from their waxen buds again or come back to us as flowers.

Yet the spent leaves sadden us, and the bare boughs touch our hearts. Something or somebody is going away, unseen, silent, wistful, and on a certain morning we shall wake to know a loss, to feel an absence. And we would go if we but could, out of the city and down the road, with a gray squirrel scolding and a crow drifting and a tang of wood smoke in the air. . . . We would go as the gypsies go. For, mark you, this must be the fact—that elsewhere one would find the days that never can return, the lost laughter, the golden hopes, the scent and presence of a dear morning in mid-May. We are forever certain that hidden in distance, away down behind the blue edge of the sky, is the past itself—the past purged of all care and worry and evil episode. Small wonder that each autumn wakes in us the spirit of the wanderer.

Give you good day, gypsy, and whither bound? To a lake in the southland, possibly, where there are white swans glistening? No; he knows little of white swans, this gypsy. He answers that he has heard of a horse for trade, and that there is money to be made by a shrewd fellow in distant parts. And you, geese that fly so far above the river, whither bound? For the wild geese must know of a region fairer than this, and thrice as fair. But the geese seek a grain field known to them of old, where geese may profit and attain fatness. Only the stay-at-homes have dreams. All the wanderers are practical creatures, bent on practical ends. So it is well worth while to stay at home, if only for the dreams one has.

Fall o' the year. Rain on the roof at evening and mist in the valley at morning. The air is new washed, crisp and tonic, and the thousand rivers have ceased to loiter. The sea trout are coming up from the sea. Are you restless now? Elsewhere there are restless ones who wish themselves in Oregon when autumn comes.

SANCTUARY

WHY, a very peculiar fellow he was, this Old Bill,
Whose very particular friends were a stream and a hill;
On the one he pretended to fish in the spring of the year,
On the other he liked to believe that he hunted for deer.
He lived in a shack by the hill at the bend of the stream,
And he had but the half of a barn and the half of a team.

He had just the half of a patch, and the half of a plow,
He had just a sort of a hen, and a kind of a cow;
The shack at the bend leaked a bit when it rained—as it did;
And he had but the half of a stove, and it had but one lid.
Yet he dwelt soul-alone and content by his stream and his hill—
And it's easy enough to suppose that they're lonely for Bill.

He would sit on a stump in the chips at the edge of the trees,
When there was song in the firs and wet fern on the breeze,
To think with his hill for a spell and to talk with his stream,
While deep in half of his wheat stood his half of a team;
And a trout would flash in the bend and a hawk would turn,
And his kind of a cow would stray and his beans would burn.

Yes, a very peculiar fellow he was, this Old Bill,
Who lived at the bend of the stream in a shack by the hill;
But a kind of wisdom there was in his weathered old eyes,
And a sort of poem there was in his singular lies . . .
All alone in the ripeness of years he was gone like a dream—
And his very particular friends were a hill and a stream.



ADVICE TO A CLEVER FELLOW

ARTHUR BARTLETT shows exceptional promise in a scurvy trade, and is in a fair way of becoming one of the state's pariahs, despite his youthful years. You will recall the Artful

Dodger. Well, Arthur Bartlett is fully as adroit. The mesh of the law will not hold him, and somewhere at this moment he is felicitating himself on his third escape. Once from the county jail, when he coolly made a bet with death and won his wager; again when he walked unhindered from the same institution; and once again when he took to his heels after arrest. This trio of escapes won notoriety for Arthur, and no doubt he now considers himself a clever fellow.

Well, let us admit as much. Master Arthur is a clever fellow, and a fertile strategist, and would shed lustre on a career of crime. Nearly all professional criminals are pudding-headed louts, or vicious, ratlike malefactors, or are tainted by lunacy. If they were neither deficient nor abnormal they would not pick pockets and creep through windows, and carry bludgeons and pistols. But an occasional criminal is a clever fellow, just like Arthur, and the police love to match wits with such a one. The police expect great things of Arthur in a criminal way, for he is yet a mere boy, and can scarcely be said to have served his apprenticeship.

Arthur expects great things of himself. He may even live to be hanged, if he pursues the criminal tenor of his way—and, of course, to be hanged is the apex of the most successful criminal careers, even if it is not the ambition. Why, when a man is hanged he has attained to a position reached only by the master craftsmen of the criminal world—and there he dangles, a complete success. To such an end, hempen and horrible, many a clever fellow has come. But even though a criminal does not merit or receive this last attention, though his cleverness spares him this fate, there are any number of cogent reasons why a young fellow starting out in life ought to choose another profession.

In the first place he has elected to live a dog's life. Sleeping or waking, the shadow of fear is over him. He can have few friends and no confidants, nor any of the worth-while rewards of honest industry. The nature of his calling will demand that he be a homeless man, forever drifting and dodging, until such time as his home will be the jail or the penitentiary. If bent upon continuing his career, life for this clever fellow will consist of long periods of

imprisonment and brief periods of liberty. Many elderly criminals have declared, from the fullness of their knowledge, that the game really isn't worth it, even if one is an unusually gifted criminal, as clever as the dapper burglars of the short story.

So, from one point of view, it must be admitted that the real proof of Arthur Bartlett's cleverness is even now at the test. If his cleverness is genuine he will take stock of himself, and come in like a sportsman and give himself up to the law, and take such punishment as may be due him, and thereafter apply his cleverness to more worthy and prosperous pursuits. Roy Gardner was also a clever fellow, but they have him now.



HERE AND THERE

WHILE singing of Penelope and tramps and songs and summer woods, Henry Herbert Knibbs was moved to observe that "the place we're in is always here—the other place is there." Such a line must linger, for the more we con it the more we are aware of its sound philosophy. It epitomizes the divine discontent of human kind. In it is the essence of that dissatisfaction which causes men to sever the bonds of habitation, and to cruise hither and thither as restless as hawks. It reminds anglers of their fishing.

The river flows hastily, trampling down its course, flinging a saga to the hills. Breast deep it is where the water is beaten into foam, and beyond the foam it undulates swiftly, green as a bough. Fishermen do not brave such a crossing, but with what wistfulness do they look across the stream and mark the eddies of the other shore. There the foam flecks loiter at interminable quadrille, and the deer flies meet doom and the moth flutters to light like a white leaf on the perilous water. Look upstream, and now down, for a fording, for surely there are trout secreted in that sanctuary. Even at the thought one rises with a shattering of the eddy and a smacking plunge. As broad as your hand. The place you're in is always here—the other place is there.

Such resignation as you may muster must serve you in this plight.

Here where the hobnails of others have scored, the rounded rocks, here where burnt matches are tossed, in this puny water and these paltry eddies you must seek your fish. To be there is denied you, for the river makes its own barrier between. The kingfisher crosses flashingly, and the water ouzel submerges at the farther shore, but not for your flies does that water run. If you elect to be philosophic you may revolve the fancy that as it is with the river, so it is with life. Men take their fish where they may, and not where they would choose. Always they are hungrily looking toward the horizon, "down where the clouds lie on the sea," for that dream and that desire which seem never quite attainable.

But the truth is, did we but know it, that were we there, on the other bank of the river, we should look across the tumbled, trampling water to this one, and with wistful eyes observe the leaping of trout and the weave and play of the stream. For here would then be there.



DEATH AND LAUGHTER

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE was displeased with the young woman of Los Angeles who thought to court his favor by presenting him with sundry comical dolls representing spooks. The eminent novelist and psychic investigator was even more than vexed. He was angered to the depths of his soul. To him the unusual proceeding smacked of impiety, whereas, at the worst, it was no more than an innocent instance of girlish gaucherie. Pondering all that Sir Arthur has told us of the world beyond, a most practical though glorified sphere, we are confident that whatever his reactions were to the jest, the wraiths of mortals, tarrying there, were not in the least offended.

Two strong emotions are beloved of those who sojourn here. The one is tears, the other laughter. Since Sir Arthur himself has often assured us that the spirit undergoes but little change, when it has cast aside the garment of its mortality, it is reasonable to

assume that it has not done with mirth, that still it finds the savor of a jest most refreshing and welcome, the more so if the fun be harmless. As for us, we would far rather believe that a joke is popular in the after-world than that certain glowering and malignant monsters, most terribly unseen, crouch at the tomb to wreak a spite upon whoever may draw near the dead—as by the grave of a pharaoh. Surely Sir Arthur's ghosts must yet be fond of laughter.

We approach the great secret with reverence and respect, but is the pride of man so mean a thing that we should approach with humility? One declines to believe that the departed, if, indeed, they waste their halcyon, timeless days in contemplating us worldlings, have grown so intolerant and uncharitable and peevish as to be huffed by the prank of some very pretty girls in Los Angeles. For if they were huffed, as Sir Arthur suggested, if they have become so hyper-sensitive about death, then it is plain that they have not progressed, and that the immortal change has profited them not at all. Why, a great many very gallant mortals have laughed in the face of Death himself, and snapped their fingers and died laughing.

Sir Arthur repeatedly has told us, the universal and eager audience, that only those who approach the veil as suppliants and true believers may hope for that perfection of condition, that condescension of response, which bring an intelligible answer over the Styx. He said that the Portland physician who offered a reward for a message from his dead wife, for the return of their secret counter-sign, erred gravely in presuming to broach the mystery with a golden key. Where, then, is that breadth of vision, that generous tolerance, which should prevail when life is past and the dead are purged of pettiness?

There are hills and valleys beyond the river, so Sir Arthur tells us—the meeting of friends, the resumption of well-loved toil, the shaping into perfection of all those myriads of imperfect and disappointed lives that quitted the world before the fruition of dreams was theirs. And so there must be laughter.

WATER COLOR

GREEN and gold and gray they swim
Through a country calm and dim;
Where the lanes of silence fade
Into secret depths of jade,
And this outpost fir is only
A swart shadow, dear and lonely—
Through a country calm and dim
Green and gold and gray they swim.

Cool and dark and still they lie
With a silver shield for sky;
Where an oak has laid her down
That her arms may be their town,
And no leaf is left for laughter
Nor for sighing that comes after—
With a silver shield for sky
Cool and dark and still they lie.

Gray and gold and green they drift
Where the tufted sedges lift;
At the portals of the morn
Where the dragon-flies are born,
And the eldritch newt is turning
As a flame that tires of burning—
Where the tufted sedges lift
Gray and gold and green they drift.

Still and dark and cool they dream
In the slumber of the stream;
Where her grace is in them blent
With the weave of her content,
And all lesser gifts are given
To another world, unshriven—
In the slumber of the stream
Still and dark and cool they dream.

A GARDEN MONSTER

THERE was a spider in the garden. Now, spiders in the garden are by no means rare, but this was an exceptional spider. She devised her web, for she was of the orb-spinners, between the brown beans and the Swiss chard, and braced and stayed it and clung motionless at its center—of black and gold she was, clinging there. Her body was the length of a thumb-joint and her legs were banded with gilt, and much attenuated. She played fate to the gnats and dreamed dreams as old as time.

And presently, stirred by her dreaming, for ordinarily, she was a fat and sluggish spider, she deserted her web so carefully woven, and betwixt two stalks of chard she made herself a pear-shaped urn



of silk, to which she resigned her many eggs, and so cunningly was the work accomplished that the urn, as huge as a walnut, hung suspended in air. Carefully she passed over it with her spinneret, touching the urn now here, now there, until it was perfection. And, lest the rains harm those children that were to be, she bent at the last a green leaf above it and with cordage of delicate silk she lashed it in place.

As to where she has gone, it may be that she is away on the hunt. Or perhaps she spins another web, circle on circle, for her old home is tattered past habitation. And it is possible that those fierce eyes of the she-monster are fixed, from out some lurking place, upon that wonder of the garden—her cocoon—whence presently her progeny will issue.

No matter as to that. She had perfected the cycle and the rest was with providence. But one has only to look at that cocoon, so carefully contrived, so stoutly and beautifully modeled, so insured against harm and damp, to understand that a certain dim affection was hers as she toiled in the chard.



TALISMAN IN THE STREET

CLOSE by the curb, where the rain ran away in a narrow river, was something that had the power of gentle sorcery. Because it lay near a cross-street several of the morning pedestrians saw it there and paused to look at it. The rain fell slantwise to a gray wind, yet those few who perceived the talisman quite forgot the rain as they looked. Always there was speculative pity in the look, and something beyond and afar, as well. For the talisman beside the curb, drenched with November's storm, touched their eyes and made mystics of them all.

Thus an old man, gray as the day's self, saw first the talisman and then a broad, green savanna, with the yellow ribbon of a wide trail thrown curving across it to dwindle and vanish in low, rolling hills. He heard the creak and jangle of the straining harness and the muffled rumble of iron tires, and he saw a bird fly out from the cottonwoods along a willowed watercourse. There was a smell of cooking fires and a scent of new lands, unspoiled, untenanted. Such was the vigor of the talisman that for a moment he stood once more in April, with April in his veins, and was no longer tired, but young and tireless. Sighing, he passed on.

A woman, hurrying, placed foot on the curb and stooped to

look. First of all she saw the talisman in the street, and then a grove of maples, in the bright leafage of May. Through and beyond the maples rose the weathered roof of a house, and its red chimney sent a spire of smoke against the sky. She heard the merriment of children and the round, happy exclamations of a playful collie and a fond voice calling them home; and she saw a bird fly out from the maples that were threaded with a path. The warmth and brightness of early summer were in the wood, and a scent of clambering honeysuckle, and an elation that might not then identify itself. The power and truth of the talisman filled her eyes with mist and her heart with loss, yet for a long moment she stood there at the gates of summer. And, sighing, she passed on.

Thither, also, came two children, running, the rain and wind in their faces, and these careless and glowing. But at the curb they turned, as though a hand had halted them, to stoop above the talisman, to touch it with light, pitying finger tips. As they touched it all the street was gone, and they were thigh-deep in flowers beside a hasty stream. To the left were the chrome cliffs of faerie and to the right the forest of enchantment, and from the forest flew a bird that perched to sing as though its throat must burst with happiness. And the happiness of the bird was not more than their happiness, as they stood, thigh-deep in flowers, wide-eyed with the wonder and beauty and joyousness of the threshold of living. Half in dream and half in waking, they took the talisman from the street, where the rain ran darkly away, and laid it in the grass, and so passed on.

Here are seven guesses—though you need but one. For, there is but a single answer to the riddle. That which the children placed in the grass was a dead song sparrow.



SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS

THE endeavor of the council of churches to combat certain destructive social tendencies, and to ransom youth from its false gods, by instilling godliness in the home and substituting clean

entertainment for that which is questionable, is one of the enterprises which deserve the support of all who love America. How easy it is to say as much. How smoothly the declaration takes shape. Yet, of experience, we know that this project to which the council will apply itself is the most difficult of all social problems, because the error it would eradicate is so general, so susceptible of defense, and so elusive as to dismay all save those inspired to duty. It is the growth of years, and it must be remedied, be solved, by years of conscientious effort, mature precept and right living. No quick crusade, however brilliantly planned, will bring victory to the council of churches. This is not said for any purpose of discouragement, since there is recognized need for such action as the council undertakes. But only years will erase years of social impress.

It is probable that the council, among other targets, will choose that of liquor law violation, which is held by some observers to have much to do with the sorry state of youth. More power to any arm that strikes at such an adversary—and yet, if the churches seek here alone for the answer to their riddle they shall not find it. Prohibition has not debauched the spirit of the times. We may well conclude that but for prohibition, with all its faults of enforcement, the task before the council of churches—and before society, no less—would be thrice as difficult. To glance at any reliable criterion of the facts is to perceive this. And where may such criterion be found? In the industries of the nation. The labor turn-over is less than ever before. Efficiency, both collective and individual, has been raised to undreamed of heights. The manhood of the worker has been restored to him. On the whole, he is infinitely better off, and of far greater service to his country, than the workman of the saloon period.

That this truth is of greater scope than the industrial field must be self-evident. And the reactions of prohibition must elsewhere, and in like degree, be operative. Aside from the problem of prohibition itself, or of prohibition enforcement, it may confidently be claimed that all other social problems are lessened by the as yet imperfect functioning of the prohibitory law.

No. The problem of the council, as it wisely sees, comes to a

sharp focus on the home. There it is that the new lessons are absorbed, the lessons of relaxed morality, of derided conventions, and there the old lessons are forgotten. What has happened is no phenomenal thing. With a swiftness which dismays, but which was in preparation for decades, a changed order has come upon this country, and upon the world. Such changes have heretofore occurred, and they are, in effect, spiritual revolutions. Neither for good nor evil does any people ever return to the ways of its fathers. These are as a garment that is outgrown and cast aside. In the transition, in the strange freedom of change, it is far from astonishing that license should be mistaken for liberty, and the false for the true, and evil for good. The problem of any social body, once this metamorphosis comes over it, is to accustom itself as sanely and speedily as may be to the changed conditions, and at the same time to avail itself of all that was sound and desirable in the morality and conventions of the past. It must salvage that which is worth while, and since morality and wisdom are all that fall in such a category, these are the heritage it should never desert. The first must be transplanted, to the new home life that succeeds the old. Ordinarily, in the process of time, this transplantation is achieved by any people not smitten with actual decadence. Nevertheless, the duty to encourage it is mandatory.

There is the automobile. What will the council do with the automobile? Or what will the council do with the yet pronounced reactions of the great war? These two factors, more than all others combined, contribute to that condition of restless bravado, of careless incertitude, which characterizes the day and stimulates the adolescent fancy. For the automobile has brought distance near to the individual, and made a mockery of the simple pleasures of the past, of the old, insular existence. The great war, while it taught us lessons of courage and sacrifice, gave us more than a glimpse at deceit, cruelty, ingratitude and easy, shameful gain. It slew its millions, saying "Life is cheap." Of it was bred a fever that is not yet alleviated. The council can do little to abate these two influences. Any agency that undertakes to correct the moral trend of the times can do little to abate them. They must be reckoned with as

facts, and accepted as positive contributions to the changed idea. But of itself, neither is necessarily harmful. It is only the perverted application of an influence that works for ill. Hence it must be that these influences, and others, alike possessed of inherent moral advantages, have suffered perversion.

As to the guilt, if it be guilt—as it is in certain shameless instances—this newspaper believes that an indictment may properly be drawn against two conspicuous offenders. One is that of adult example, while the other is that of pernicious art and literature. Of the two the first is far the more serious, since it has jurisdiction over the home and the viewpoint of the community; and it is doubly culpable because, to borrow an old phrase, the adult offender knows better. Youth does not know. It is quick to imitate. If a majority of adult men and women lived in accordance with conscience, refraining from acts that must serve as bad examples to the young—from those violations of the social code that have come to be regarded half humorously by the average American—the youth of this country would instinctively emulate the better example. As to evil literature, perpetrated in the name of art, none can estimate the grave and lasting harm it already has done the public morals. This may be dealt with effectively through legislation—but the first is only to be corrected by persistent educational effort, through the press, the pulpit and every available agency. Let this thought sink in: No person who sets a bad example to youth, however convinced that person may be of his or her patriotism, is a good citizen.

In a word, the morals of the times are not greatly to be benefited by a mere offering of a substitutional entertainment. How simple it would all be if this were the remedy. Nor are they to be lastingly benefited by any dramatic depiction of eternal punishment. How then? By an acceptance of the new viewpoint, cleansed of its un-morality, on the part of the moralists, and a gradual, persistent, not to be disheartened effort to adapt the new order of things to the older of enduring truth. All effort, all time, spent toward this end will be amply repaid.

LANDSCAPE

DULL skies, whereon the clouds are stroked
In heavy, haggard mass of fleece and plume,
Brushed by some giant wind—unyoked
And galloping to doom.

Raptly a sense of waiting covers all,
A hushed delay, a peering into space . . .
When hurtling downward to its epic fall
The foremost raindrop strikes the eager face.

And faint and far, but clear and true of tone,
The note of storm advancing—and the soft,
Sibilant whisper over turf and stone
And the wet herbage of the tiny croft.

There is a fragrance born of leaf and mist,
Of waking bud, of pussy willow folk,
As though celestial lips had bent and kissed
The dreaming world until she smiled and woke.

The drumming music of the storm retreats—
A thankful bird returns to sway and sing,
And clean-washed sunshine, softly radiant, greets
The first-born morning of the darling Spring.



BILLY SUNDAY'S HEAVEN

THE Reverend Billy Sunday is very confident that he knows where heaven is and who will be there. It lies above and beyond the world, and, therefore, above and beyond all grief and fretting. But for their grievous sins certain of Billy Sunday's fellow pilgrims will never win through to the gates of gold, as he is certain he will win. Concerning these unfortunates Billy is wrathfully specific,

and he charges them with both omission and commission. There are pedagogues among them, and men of wealth, and a proud lady with a fine limousine, and there are sundry newspaper editors. Inevitably doomed.

This newspaper would not hasten to the defense of such as serve the craft. Mostly they are men who look life fairly in the face, take the day's tasks as these may come, strive for the betterment of their newspapers, and die in harness—grizzled, generous, tolerant, with a smile for the wistfulness of it all, the wistfulness and the mystery. Possibly they are destined to miss paradise, although they have served a thousand righteous causes for church and country, for the essential dignity and freedom of mankind; and have served with scant material requital, as wages are estimated nowadays. The editor who writes these lines cannot say. He has felt both admiration and affection for not a few of these workers with words. Yet it seems hard, if the Reverend Billy Sunday is right, that some of these craftsmen of the fourth estate must be denied a mansion in heaven because they did not visit the tabernacle. For it is known that they have lived good and useful lives.

However, this is more or less a matter pertaining to the craft. The after life of newspaper workers cannot greatly concern the public interest, even as a speculative topic. One is generous enough to concede Billy Sunday's privilege of assurance. His concept of heaven is, after all, rather a human one, so human that it draws the graceless near to him, and gives them something to hold in common. He believes that in the heaven of his desires he shall meet with those whose love companioned him along the ways of earth. Then he also believes he shall, in an eternal and effulgent day, be on terms of friendly intercourse with his God. That God and he shall chat together is also stipulated as a privilege in the bond of his belief. None should dispute it, none should cavil at his certainty, since, after all, such is his faith. The important thing is that Billy has humanized heaven with his confidence in reunion. And heaven, after all, must be designed for common folks.

This above all: there must be neither sorrow nor parting there, nor any misunderstanding, nor briefest shadow of malice, nor satis-

faction in the plight of the doomed—if they be doomed. For the spirit is to be purged of the grossness that is fleshly, and it is to stand on the meadows of heaven in the perfection of its enduring youth. If the spirit thinks at all of the world so far beyond and beneath, it must think of that world with a pity well-nigh divine in the breadth and charity of its understanding, with a great marveling that mortals cannot elude sorrow and error, and a vast comprehension of their imperfections. It will sigh for them, and that sighing shall be the nearest kin to sorrow that heaven knows. Yet, as Billy Sunday bids us know, even in heaven we may not forget our strong affections—else it were not paradise. And by the gates of heaven, if heaven is fenced and bounded, there will be those who watch and wait and whose waiting shall have reward. They shall walk together beside still waters, and know that it is good to be there, because in heaven they have one another. How else might it be heaven, in all truth?

Thus far it is not difficult for even a newspaper editor, perhaps one of those very editors who shall not know salvation according to the evangelist, to trudge in hope with Billy Sunday. We construct heaven of those materials which lie nearest to the heart, and love is the granite of our eternity. But what sweet anodyne is found in heaven that shall still to utter forgetfulness the yearning of a mother for her son? We cannot answer. It seems something less than heaven unless this herb be found. For in Billy Sunday's heaven they watch and wait.

The purpose of these reflections is not controversial. We are content that the Reverend Billy Sunday should winnow, to his liking, the chaff from the wheat, that he should separate the goats from the sheep. He has done much good to the world, and shall do more. After all, much of his language is figurative, however abiding his convictions. But to one way of thinking—and this, too, on faith—it cannot be that the faithful are rewarded in heaven by sorrow for lost loved ones. The infinite kindness is far kinder than that.

JACKIE COOGAN'S LONG PANTS

JACKIE COOGAN is wearing his first pair of long pants. Unimportant as this news from southern California may seem to a busy world, it will command and compel the interest of many people, and their reflections must be tinged with sadness. For the Jackie they have known, these few brief years, will be going away very soon, and the dickens of it is that he won't come back ever again. It is that way with trousers—they have a trick of summoning the boy to manhood, where, for the life of him, he cannot be a little boy. It was as a little boy, an appealing, wistful little boy, that we knew Jackie Coogan. This youth in long pants will remind us of him, for a while, but presently he will be quite a stranger to us.

You may talk if you will of those shoes called "wishing shoes," of seven-league boots, and the like, but long pants carry a fellow farther in a few swift hours than any old-fashioned magic ever could, however potent it was. The boy stands this side the gulf, and he doesn't have to bother about a great many bothersome things, for the country still is boyhood. Nearly all its lanes are pleasant, leading to most curious places with curious treasures. A lame dog, let us say. A shell tangled in the seaweed. Well, they bring him his first pair of long pants. The heart of him bulges with pride as he puts the trousers on, and notes what a long, long distance it really is to his shoes. The trousers feel strange and floppy, and proud, as well. You bet you. Presto! He is beyond the gulf and in the land of manhood, where much will be expected of him—nay, demanded.

How foolish of him it would be, as you well know, to stoop now above an ant-hill or to shout when the lemon-drop spider has captured a fat fly. Behold, he is a man, and dignity is his. Don't let them fool you, Jackie, with all this stuff and nonsense, solemn as it sounds. It is true that a time comes when every boy must put away the things of boyhood, and don long pants and prepare to enter manhood through the province of youth. Nevertheless, it is required of no man that he cease, in all respects, to be the boy he once was. The obligation is one he lays upon himself, if he under-

takes it. Circumstance doesn't ask it of him. Life doesn't ask it of him. Nobody does, save possibly the vinegar cruets and worsted mottoes of existence. He has a secret worth twenty of theirs, if he will be resolved to keep alive in his heart the quick laughter of boyhood, and in his heart and his eyes the quick, free fancy of boyhood.

So, Jackie Coogan, when a rabbit crosses your path of an evening, and you in your elderly long pants, let your heart leap as of right it should. When next you find on the beach some creature spawned by the sea, grotesque or beautiful, bend to look at it, and look closely, and look at it as a boy should look. And, man though you'll be some day, they shall not then contrive to cheat you of something which, once lost, is always mourned.



WHY MEN GO HUNTING

There is no such thing as an unsuccessful hunting trip.—*Astoria Budget*.

THE foregoing statement should stand as a truism, requiring no defense, speaking for itself to all who have capacity for understanding. Thus, as the *Budget* truly says, if the hunter comes home without game his excursion is not to be rated as a failure, though he himself should pronounce it to have been unsuccessful. Whether he is aware of it or not, he has gained much that cannot thereafter be taken away from him. He is the possessor of mental and spiritual properties that were not his when he drew his gun from its case and entered field or forest. Etched on his mind and fancy are pictures that shall not fade, it matters not how rough a fellow he is, how instant he would be to scoff at such a statement.

Men delude themselves with the thought that they return to nature because of the zest of killing; that a deer is more important than a day, or a dozen birds of more moment than the wind across the marsh. This newspaper would not deny that men, or many of them, find a keen and primitive joy in hunting, and that this joy is quite apart and different from other pleasures. The truth is that,

fundamentally, we still are beasts of prey, and should be last to rebuke a cat for its kill, or the wolf for its quarry. Yet mankind were a sorry failure, and creation's sorriest jest, did men not derive from their hunting more than the carcass of the creature they have killed.

Certainly it is not blood that calls them to the forests, the fields or the lakes, however firmly they may be convinced of this. There is innate in man a profound though stifled dissatisfaction with the civilization he has created, with its comforts, its conveniences, its arbitrariness. It was not so his fathers lived, and the shadows of his fathers whisper to him ceaselessly. Because of this he has a restless foot, that itches for the soft silence of pine needles, the roughness of a rocky river bottom, the vital muck of marshes. This fellow who is so sure he has made a conquest of the world, so certain of his indispensability to the scheme of things he has fashioned, finds in himself a hunger—and the hunger is for old days, old ways. It will not be fed with the comforts of civilization. It desires new skylines and rough fare.

It is not true that the thing the hunter kills is of greater moment to him than the scene of his return. It is not true. And if it be true of any man, even in least degree, then he of whom it is true is no better than a butcher, though lacking the soundness of a butcher's reasons, which are mandatory and expedient. Yet we doubt there is such a fellow anywhere to be found. And we quite agree with the *Astoria Budget* in its declared truism, that there is no such thing as an unsuccessful hunting trip.



THE PERSONALITY OF NATURE

A LITTLE over a year ago there was published a book which revealed the spiritual reactions of one who believed that for her the end of days was near. Out of her intuitive responses to life, and from her reading and her observation, she had molded a philosophy almost pantheistic in its scope and acceptance. The fact of dis-

solution presented to her an immaterial aspect insofar as dread and repugnance were concerned, and, indeed, was translated into a finely material gratification at the prospect of immanence with nature. By intuition she perceived a heritage of freedom and untroubled ecstasy in this reunion with the great mother, and speculations as to the survival of the ego did not engage her fancy.

Immortality, as she conceived it, was oneness with nature, as natural and destined as the return of a wandering hill stream to its maternal sea. After all, this is materialism—wonderous and exalted, it is true, but nevertheless materialism. Its tenets, which have so long intrigued the moody poet, are thoroughly demonstrable by science. Religious faiths teach the futility of death, and in the heart there is both conviction and desire of spiritual survival. Science teaches that death is but a chemical demonstration of material immortality—that naught is lost and nothing wasted.

In fine, this pantheist whose ego seemed confronted with eviction, if not with obliteration, had taken for her comfort only another and old viewpoint of the proof of deity in nature. The mystic beauty of a sunset had stung her eyes with tears, and she had felt, as she said, the tide of nature flow gently inward to her strengthening. It was as though a spirit, ineffably peaceful and pervasive, walked everywhere with nature and laid gentle hands on human heart and vision, instilling calm assurance and correcting the myopia of worldly sight. But the lanes of human nature do not lead to pantheism by any inevitable route. They lead to belief only, and the redemption of belief is with another phase of being. It is sufficient that the lanes lead to belief.

Within us are undreamed potentialities of passive emotion, as quiet as sleep, unroused, latent, waiting. When life creates for us, out of the complexity of her devices, certain situations or conditions that are of major importance to the ego, the passive awakes and springs into activity—and never again, in the years to come, will one be that individual who but a moment before had been unaware of the emotional experience which succeeded. The emotion of immanence with nature is far too often passive and untried, and its disuse, more than all else, contributes to loneliness

and unidentified regret, and to the mediocrity of the race itself. For nature is imbued with that rich personality the pantheist perceives, and he who requires friendship finds it there, and both understanding and sympathy wait for him. It is a handicap for one to be so busied with life, in its more artificial expressions, as to find no hour for nature, not any inclination to yield a moment to the reveries of field and forest.

The strength of nature, her tonic properties, are quite comparable to the strength of prayer. If you will reflect for a moment you must perceive this to be true. For each in turn bespeaks an abnegation of self, a retreat from the trivial importance and perennial vexation of material life, and an intuitive acceptance of benefit. The psycho-analysts often advocate prayer for the fortification of the spirit, for the repose of unrest; while men of medicine, their remedies failing, bid you go to the country and drink deep of nature. The views of these schools are not antipathetic in such an instance. For nature herself is both prayer and praise.

That skeptics should deride the common faith in divinity, and mesh themselves thereby in a maze of explanations which fail ever to explain, must remain a source of wonderment. Nature is the ally and inspiration of faith. If we say of an engineer who has bridged the twin walls of some gigantic gorge that he has genius beyond the lot of common men; or of a chemist who has compounded a substance which defeats disease that he is a marvel of intellect—what shall we say, or think, of that creative intelligence whose infinite calculations know neither time nor space, and whose projects range from the grass we tread to the stars in their ordained courses? You have but to pluck a flower and give thought to its form and color, to the exquisite craftsmanship which fashioned it from soil and sun and rain, to know—to know. All this is old wheat and thrice threshed, yet each grain is sound and virile. The proof is omnipresent.

The sense of personality in nature is not new to man. It was born in an elder people, and modernism has disavowed their devises, so like the beliefs of children, because modernism asks that man concern himself more with his own ego and less with the cosmic

entirety. To express the personality of nature the ancients gave to each tree its dryad, and peopled the woodland with fauns and satyrs. To us the outworn simplicity of the myths seems altogether gracile and charming, but for ourselves we are too often ashamed to confess that nature moves us to a conclusion differing in no essential from theirs. At least they symbolized the certainty they felt, while we turn from it altogether, for no better reason than that some of us suspect it would hamper the work of the world. A blind folly. There is no true strength, no sincerity, to be discovered anywhere save in her classrooms.

Pantheism has misapplied its discovered evidences of divinity. The universe cannot be God, nor can nature and the universe be other than the handicraft of divinity. The laws which swing the planets in their courses, which assign to the rose her color and to the daffodil its hue, are external proof of the divine intelligence. Why, as Francis Thompson asked, do we always seek to evade this first and greatest of all truths?



THE SORROWS OF SEA LION CHARLIE

A gasoline station now stands where we tied our horses. Everything is ruined. A good tombstone dedicated to the good times in the past is all that needs to be placed here; they have everything else.—Sea Lion Charlie, in *Yaquina Bay News*.

DON'T say that, Charlie; don't say that. In those brave days of which you speak, and for which you make moan, a fellow that was caught without his chewing tobacco was often forty mile from anywhere. And a great hunger was his'n before he reached the cross-roads store. And what is forty mile today, Charlie, an hour and a half at most, with chewing tobacco stations every six or seven mile.

We look back on the past, Charlie, on the times when sea lions were plentiful and tourists were few and ill-favored, and we sigh to recall the golden glamor of those days. But we forget, we do, indeed, that a lone man with the mumps, away off somewhere in God's country, was beyond the reach of doctors and medicaments.

We forget that the hill roads were rutty and tortuous, and that we cursed them roundly, and oft, to the imminent danger of our immortal souls. We forget that moments of yearning came to us when we would have swapped the whole durn claim for half an apple pie.

We repeat: Don't say that, Charlie. It isn't fair to the country, and and it doesn't sound like you. While it is true that your familiar beaches now are thronged with happy clammers—whole families of happy clammers—and that the sea otters swim no more against the green curve of a breaker, it is quite a consolation to own a flivver with a tankful of gas, and to eat regular, and to have sheets. The privileges of culture outweigh its penalties. A gusty sigh for the old hitching post? Ah, don't say that, Charlie.



TUT-ANKH-AMEN WAS SIXTEEN

TUT-ANKH-AMEN the powerful, lord of upper and lower Egypt, is discovered to have been no more than sixteen years of age at death. It is hard to die in boyhood, when the Nile is at flood and the valley clamorous with the talk of water fowl; there is so much to see, so much to do. Fellah or prince, at such an age it is doubly hard to die. But neither the occult art, nor his priests, nor the learning of his wise men, availed to spare Tut-Ankh-Amen for long years of solemn rule, of war and intrigue. They swathed him in gold and sealed him in stone, and in time even his name was forgotten of men, and the jackals prowled through his ancient city.

One wonders if Tut-Ankh-Amen cared greatly for the gauds and privileges of his high birth. At sixteen even a prince of the royal blood may be forgiven if the pressure of his crown is irksome, and the duties of his office seem, at times, trivial and without point. He may have paused in the market place, his guard around him, his counsellors at his side, to look long at the sprawled carcass of a great lion, brought by hunters from the desert. Here an arrow had pierced the tawny pelt and there a javelin had been driven home. A fellah,

the meanest of his peasantry, might leave the bright ribbon of the Nile and seek adventure over yonder. But a prince, the ruler of an ancient line, a pharaoh, the annointed of the gods, must content himself with dreams. The kite flitted above him, its forked tail sharp against the blueness. The kite was free.

Through the palace windows on some deep night of stars he heard the venturesome foxes bark, and the cries of fowl in flight. There was that within him which bade him quit the palace and its courtiers and go where the foxes flitted, follow where the wild geese fared. Of a twilight the fowlers would be coming up the river, the sunset at their backs, and these bent to the birds they carried. The children of slaves played in the warm waters of the margin, where plover waded and odd fishes were to be found. It is this way with princes—they must pretend to be above all common things. Of nights the cooking fires twinkled redly, and dark shadows came and went above the embers, or stood gesturing there. The boy who watched, and wistfully, perhaps—for all that he was a prince of Egypt, lord of the upper and lower valleys—knew well that these were wandering men, who had ventured far and witnessed many marvels. A crown on his head, and the world calling.

They intend to determine, some 3000 years after his eyes closed in the last sleep of all, whether it may not have been that the boy Tut-Ankh-Amen died of poison. So much for the flattering and fawning of courts. But however he died, and whatever the lamentation, it is plainly to be seen that this boy escaped the purpose of his adherents, the obligations of his birth. It was said in Egypt of his time that the soul of the dead departed from the lips, as a bird that sought the residence of the gods. It is a graceful whimsy, even now. But one is moved to fancy that the spirit bird of the boy king must first have flown to see the sands where lions were, and to discover the meaning of the barking foxes. For the first time, as though a relenting fowler had released it from the net, it was free as the kite above the valley.

GYPSY BLOOD

RAIN in the night, and the acorns dropping,
Fall o' the year, and mist in the morn;
Hinder me not, for I can't be stopping—
Mine is the call of the gypsy-born.
Brant in the blue, and the last leaf twisting,
Ghost clouds racing across the moon;
Halt me not, for we keep the trysting—
We who follow the Gypsy June.



Dust in the breeze, and the black crow cawing,
Fall o' the year, and frost on the corn;
Hinder me not, for the South is drawing—
Mine is the call of the Gypsy-born.
Rain on the ford, and the white trout leaping,
Silk in the road, from the milkweed thrown;
Halt me not, for the North is creeping—
Gypsies fare where the brant have flown.

Thrust of the fire in the evening lighted,
Clank of the kettles and cooking-gear;
Hinder me not, for my heart is plighted—
South are the Gypsies, South of here.
Rain in the night, and the bare boughs grieving,
Lone and leafless against the morn;
Halt me not, for I must be leaving—
Mine is the call of the Gypsy-born.

South of the Fall and the gray rain shifting,
South with the Gypsies June is flown;
The frost-song of the last lark, lifting,
Floods where the mullein stands alone.
Gypsy blood in the dim dawn waking,
Ask of the brant that thread the morn,
Which is the road the heart is taking?
Mine is the call of the Gypsy-born.



FOUND IN A GARDEN

WHAT a number of secrets a single garden holds, to be sure—secrets told only in the strange sign languages of the insects, the hum of bees, the rustle of a breeze among the flowers. But, if one bends near, and listens intently enough—as children listen to fairy tales—one by one the secrets are out, and that which was mystery is plain as the nose on a weevil, than which nothing could well be plainer. The tiny folk that dwell in a garden, and that seem so meandering and purposeless, have quite as much purpose in living as we have—and the strangeness of their lives reads like a story from Hans Andersen.

Now, to begin with — and but for an instance — there were strange creatures in the rusty old boiler which held a semi-fluid fertilizer. Clearly they were larvæ, struggling sluggishly about, but quite as clearly they were the oddest larvæ that ever the garden had known. An inch or more in length, pearl gray and flaccid of body, they bore long tapering tails most suggestive of the caudal appendages of rats. One watched them with revulsion yet with fascination—for they held a secret in those sodden tissues. They were not doomed to squalor all their days, not they. On a morning late in June they would rise reborn, on wings of gauze, and seek their friends, the flowers.

And had you visited that garden some weeks later, you would have seen—if that sort of thing captures your glance—the brown and golden bees that hurled themselves happily upon a row of

immortelles, swaying beside the house, to plunder the rich pollen so abundantly offered. Yet some, you would have seen—though not without mistrust—were veritable bees, and some were seeming counterfeits. These last were weightier than the honey bees about them, and of a brighter hue, but twice you would have glanced, and long you would have paused above the busy camoufleurs, before you dared to put your courage to the test and capture one in a bare and apprehensive hand. For their nether parts pulsed so suggestively, so convincingly, that it seemed a fiery sting must be sheathed there. Yet for all his furious, futile buzzing in your closed palm, this playmate of the bees, liveried follower of an ireful clan, would have proved to be only a handsome, harmless fly.

The drone-fly he is called, and an apt name it is, as apt as any common christening of which you ever heard. And he was once the rat-tailed larva found in fluid trash, and in those times he utilized that preposterous organ for the most sensible of purposes. He thrust it above the surface like a periscope and drew to himself the air which he must have or perish. And what a triumph was his, what a rise in the world—from lowly putrescence to tall and lovely blossoms. They say of this fly that even the bees recognize him as a companion to be tolerated, perhaps in tribute to the livery he wears. But they say, too, that he toils for the humble-bee, in her deep caves, and does general house-cleaning by the day.

And though we have just discovered him in the garden, where he awaited discovery these many summers, he is as ancient in the lore of human-kind as the writings on the walls of Babylon. The jest of it is that they really thought this gentle mimic a genuine honey-bee, and feared him for his feigned fury, and asserted it to be a scientific fact that bees are hatched oftentimes from the decaying bodies of beasts. If you will open your Bible and search the fourteenth chapter of Judges you will perceive that the drone-fly was no stranger to Israel. For there it is written down in all good faith:

"And after a time he (Samson) returned to take her, and he turned aside to see the carcase of the lion; and, behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion."

Now, the record of Samson's most interesting discovery does

not end with this—but we have no least desire to engage in argument with the fundamentalists. Perhaps he did find honey, yet it looks, from this distance, and after these years, quite as though he had encountered the self-same creature that perched on our immortelles only a week or so ago.



THE UBIQUITY OF COURAGE

THE Rev. Joseph Wilson Cochran, pastor of the American church in Paris, was a passenger on the steamer President Roosevelt when the intrepid crew of that vessel rescued—at great peril of their own lives, and with the loss of two of their mess-mates—the seamen of the foundering British freighter Antinoe. This drama of ocean made a deep impression on the clerical gentleman, as it did on all who witnessed it, and even on the dull, tame shore where anxious millions read of it. It had been his privilege to see proud manhood at its best, when nothing counted save a willingness to flout death that the lives of others might be saved. It is no impiety to say that Dr. Cochran saw, there on the high seas, the bright radiance of that same divine unselfishness which his Lord knew in old Judea. Wherefore he sat him down and wrote a tribute for the press in praise of the valor of seafaring men. It was a good story, for his heart was in it, and the wonder of it still swept him like a boarding sea.

“We have seen a marvelous thing—the hidden courage of the humble,” he wrote. “These men who coil ropes, swab decks, oil engines and carry luggage in ordinary times, are occasionally revealed as vikings. Under the apparel of the lowly lurks a heart of oak.”

The courage of the humble. It is not true that nobles, princes, statesmen, scholars, all the more materially fortunate ones of life, are of better stuff, as manhood is judged, than the fellow in denim. They are fortunate, indeed, if lack of contact with the roughness of living—with coarse ways, coarse blankets and coarse foods—has not dulled and atrophied their reactions to the immediate, non-

theoretical peril of another. The courage of the humble, as the courage of all mankind, is a marvelous thing to witness, just as Dr. Cochran writes it down. But it is not exceptional. It is not occasional. It waits its message, and when that message comes it gives such answer as refutes all disbelief in the essential godliness of the human spirit. It is marvelous enough, we grant you, doctor—but it is commonplace.

Neither class nor creed nor social status may affect it, since it lives deep within the individual, and is as much a part of him as his muscles, his blood, his mind. Charles Frohman had learned the ways of ease and luxury, and he was accounted a rich man, to whom the world offered no rough, angular obstacles. Yet when the stricken Lusitania settled for the final plunge he smiled, as he turned to a friend, on that deck of panic and terror, and said: "Why should we fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life." And the sea received him. There were Frohmans at heart in the boats the Roosevelt sent to the rescue of the Antinoe's crew, and two of these drank the same death he knew. In oily garments, wearing coarse shoes, unshaven, unshorn, and, it may be, punctuating their efforts with coarse oaths—these peers and spiritual comrades of Charles Frohman of the Lusitania.

Sir Henry Newbolt has a poem called "He Fell Among Thieves." You like to think he wrote it of someone he knew, whose laugh he had heard, whose eyes he had answered, whose hand had touched his. No matter. The story tells of the Afghan border and of the swart, fierce raiders who captured an outpost, and who bade the Englishman prepare for death. He sat by the brink of that Asian canyon and listened long to the river, and thought of England and old school days. At dawn they drew a circle of steel around him as he rose to pray, face toward the sunrise, and head held upright.

"O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun:
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee."

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept.

Masefield's "old proud pageant of man." The crew of the Roosevelt belong to it, and the wintry sun strikes their oil stains into little glints of gold. The hidden courage of the commonplace. Be very sure it is there, it is here, it is all around us. If it were not, then one's attitude toward living might well be tinged with sardonic, mirthless humor. And it would not be worth one's while to go on. Courage? Bless you, the world is filled with it. It is real cowardice that is rare.



LEADING A FROG'S LIFE

NONE of the batrachians, tailed or tailless, is distinguished for intellectual capacity. Midway between the fishes and the reptiles, they think long, formless thoughts of their own. The emotions of joy and fear are given them, but little else of finer character beside. Joy because the temperature of the water is suited to the period of mating; fear for the reason that a branch has swayed above their pond, silencing their song. And yet so gravely wise they seem, the frogs and the toads, that one is tempted to write them down as philosophers, solely on appearance. This nondescript verse, attributed to some unschooled French-Canadian observer—who certainly never wrote it—very aptly, if ludicrously, describes the frog, a creature of the "almost."

What a queer bird the frog are!
When he sit he stand—almost;
When he walk he fly—almost;
When he sing he cry—almost;
He ain't got no sense—hardly;
He ain't got no tail—hardly, either;
He sit on what he ain't got—almost.

What a queer "bird" the frog is, indeed; since he must proceed through the sorcery of an aquatic larval stage to the rights of am-

phibian existence. Hands he has, beyond dispute—almost—and he uses them as hands are used, to stuff reluctant, struggling food into his hungry, solemn mouth; or as does the tree frog, to catch the branch toward which he leaped; or, as does the toad, his nearest cousin, to lift himself over the brink of an obstruction. And his voice is a true voice, being contrived by the passage of air over genuine vocal cords in an actual larynx. It is not to be wondered that he sings—almost; or cries—almost; or that, when the serpent has seized him with cruel ophidian jaw, his scream of terror is recognizable by human ear for what it is—the expressed agony of a fellow creature in direst distress.

Nature has not left the batrachian defenseless, however. The foolish dog that snaps at some sluggish, spraddling newt, is certain—if there is anything in the theory of instruction by experience—never to repeat that indiscretion. For the poison glands of the skin exude by motor impulse an alkaloid most unpleasant to the tongue; while from the glandular exudations of certain toads there are savage peoples who contrive a deadly coating for their arrows. This poison it is that causes the pranking collie to withdraw, with drooling mouth and lifted lip, from the garden toad he has thought to harry. And so these glands are protection to the batrachian, of whatever species—almost.

You have a phrase fitted to hard usage. "A dog's life," you say. Well, what of a frog's life? With a bass beneath and a vigilant heron above, and their hard eyes fixed on you, the while instinctive fear patters at your cold heart. Sing while you may, Sir Rana, for at times it is a happy existence—almost.



MEMORIES OF VACATION

HE WHO has returned from vacation is beset with people that inquire politely as to where he was and how he spent the time. Commonly they wish to know whether he enjoyed his outing, the fortnight's respite from routine. To all such inquiries he

replies, in varying degree of detail, but even as he does so it is patent to the returned vacationist that he cannot compass, in a few words, the scope and significance of his adventures. Indeed, he realizes that were he to attempt it he would be in grave danger of becoming a bore, from whom friends would flee. He clasps to himself, in his own thought, the real memories of vacation.

The returned vacationist hesitates to reduce to speech the enjoyment he found in vacation. For when he is about to give vocal form to his recollections, of a sudden they seem in hazard of being regarded as commonplace and trivial, and since they are not so to him he hides them jealously. You see, he is forever remembering what the river said, when the fire was low and night came out of the hills, cool with dew, and purple with shadow, and white with stars. Then he was aware of the tongue of the river, as he could not be aware in open day, and its interminable repetitions were blended in a mighty whisper that said no word known to us—but despite this failed not of understanding. Obviously no returned vacationist dare tell his solicitous acquaintance that he had been where the rivers said "Hush!" at twilight, or whirled like the looms of creation through the long, mysterious hours.

Mitchell mountain bulks over the canyoned stream like that sad hill which Roland sought. At dawn it is dismal, at noon white as leprosy, for a handful of years ago it was visited by fire, and blazed like a torch above its lesser brethren. Fir and cedar are dead in serried companies along its great flanks, across its rounded summit. The white bones of the forest are bared to wind and rain and snow. But at twilight, at late sunset, on Mitchell mountain beauty is born of death, and the great hill becomes a dome of gold, a Taj Mahal gloriously emblazoned by craftsmen. The hill flames again, and the stark trunks, slender in distance, are lances lifted in salute—lances of silver against a royal sky. This, too, is a part of vacation, but you couldn't tell the boys. They demand the tally of trout, the mileage of the trail.

Let us say that it is coming on to rain in the hills. Purple clouds gather to westward and march upon the mountains. They send a breath before them that robs the sun of his ardor, and which is to

the lungs as spring water to the gullet. One by one they storm and overcome the heights, carrying in misty assault the impregnable Gibraltars of the range, blotting them out, timber and crag. Now on a brief gust of wind is borne the first drop, the skirmisher, striking the uplifted face. The sun is blind. It is false evening in the forest. And of a sudden leaves are thrumming to the rain, and all the larches toss and sigh in an ecstasy of sad emotion, and the face of the river is silvered by the drops, and a trout leaps. It is gone, the shower, driving eastward, and the sun is red again, so that the trail steams. And this, beyond controversy, is the greenest and freshest of all forests. How would one tell a friend that a shower in the woods was vacation?

It is a great mistake for anyone to assume that the chief rewards of vacation are tan and trout. You may return as bronzed as any Hottentot spearman, and with various camera-recorded evidences of the fish you took. You may feel as confident and capable as Archimedes, who lacked only a proper fulcrum to move the world. These are among the fruits of vacation. Yet they do not constitute the voice of the red gods. When next you hear them calling you will be remembering sunsets and breezes, and rain on ferns, and the ceaseless giant whisper of the river, and divers trivial matters much akin. Go then with assurance, for you will have heard the true voice and will be ready to answer.



THE POOL OF TEARS

WHEN there came for her beloved an end of days, and comeliness and wit were one with soil that had nurtured them, Thespia bethought herself of the Pool of Tears. Above this pool maidens have wept since ever they knew sorrow, and though the chemical properties of a tear are much against it, the fact is that nowhere grow flowers more fair to see than those which nod about the pool. It is there that immortelles are blossoming, and the first bloom that opened ages ago is yet as fresh, as warm of hue, as the

bud that opens now. For this is a virtue that is in the tears of maidenhood, and the roses of the vicinage also are timeless. And Thespia went to the Pool of Tears.

As she passed the market-place, her dark head bent in grief that might not be consoled, she was aware of the curious, the kindly, observation of the populace. Burgher and noble, peasant and prince, they pitied her. For he had been as comely and as strong as any youth of Greece when Greece was young, and in him had been blent both grace of body and of spirit. And Thespia was aware of the pity of the populace, and the thought multiplied her grief and increased her sobbings that time she pursued her stricken way to the darkly beautiful waters where maidens weep. For it seemed to her that the city should know, must know, that never since sorrow came to maidenhood had there been sorrow such as hers. And there should sprout and blossom by the pool such immortelles, nourished by her weeping, as never grew before; such flowers of grief as must persuade the pity and affection of lovers yet unborn. Thus Thespia went to the Pool of Tears, and in this manner was she thoughtful.

It is a property of the dark pool, so the tale tells, that the sad eyes which replenish it shall have for their reward the mirrored countenance of their beloved. The ringlet shall caress the cheek, the lips shall part as if to smile, and the tenderness of the responsive glance shall be as a hand touching, stroking, comforting; most intimate and dear. For this and this only, this glimpse, this earnest of the immortality of that which one has loved, have maidens sought the pool through centuries that dim to distance and are lost in Time. It is for this reason, and no other, that they seek the Pool of Tears.

So Thespia came at length to the pool, her dark head bent in sorrow that might not be assuaged, while the pity of it rang in her thought, and the pity of it throbbed in her heart. She was aware that they had followed whither she led and that they watched to witness what she then might do. Then Thespia sobbed aloud, parting the tall, sweet immortelles with the thrust of a gemmed hand, and nearer and nearer drew her dark face to the dark water, and

freely welled her weeping. A mist rose and a dimness, and a shape swirled on the dark water, took form, was glimpsed, was seen. And the face was the face of Thespia, and there was naught else in the pool.



THE SEA KING'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

KING OLAF was a rover and he would not bide at home,
With all the restless heart of him he loved a gallant gale;
He set his dragon ship to breast the wild salt foam,
And a strong wind thundered in the stout brown sail.
For he had many lands to see and many fights to thrill,
And far to drive the galley ere its prow turned back—
O what to old King Olaf was his castle on the hill
When the fleet gulls followed on the sea king's track?

Young Harald was his harper, and 'twas he could still the wave—
Light touch upon the singing strings to wake a dream of May,
Bent head and heavy hand to bring a song so brave
That the fierce hearts lifted in the old proud way!
Their galley lay at anchor with the long, drear leagues before,
O gay were all their shields to catch the chill red sun,
When Harald set his harp beside the creaking cabin door
And of the songs within his breast . . . played one.



The strings were high with happiness, yet yearning in them woke,
Whereat the wheeling sea mews swerved to hover by the mast—
For Harald harped of Christmas and his own home folk,
With their hearth fires burning for the least and last,
The sailors through their golden beards smiled fondly at the lay,
They cracked the swollen knuckles of their huge red hands—
And dearly dreamed they of their kin and each of Christmas Day,
Where the white waves shatter on the old home strands.

King Olaf rose to harken and he laid aside his sword,
He saw the purple water and the fir-fringed steep,
He saw the hut fires twinkle by that far strange fiord—
And his blue eyes widened as a child's from sleep.
"O take the helm," quoth Olaf, "and we'll hoist a happier sail,
A song has mocked my sea fights and the wild salt foam;
Yea, out across the waters I have heard a Christmas hail,
And fain am I to answer it . . . turn home!"



BRINGING HOME THE BACON

NOT long ago a hog-calling contest was held in a mid-western state, and from the gifted maestri of this tuneful art a champion was chosen. He had proved that he could call hogs from a greater distance, more persuasively, and with more musical tonality, than any other hog-caller who called against him. These rural arts! How fine it is to think they are not wholly neglected by the cognoscenti! On these the bulwarks of the land are builded, and if they sink into decline we are undone, indeed. It is better, sir, for a people to know how to call hogs effectively than to comprehend and practice the loosely articulated antics of the Charleston dance.

Confessing to an ignorance of the subject, yet eager for light, the *New York World* has asked for the syllables of the western hog-call. How is it that our grangers summon home the wandering

porker? The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* replies that in those parts—that is to say, where it is chiefly circulated—pigs are electrified though half a mile away by the urgency and promise of this dulcet shout: “Pi-goo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ey!” It is in this manner that they call hogs in Old Missouri, where in the year 1924 approximately 4,463,000 swine dwelt, grunted and had their being. Thus it was they summoned hawks in Pike, before the time of the western migration, when sun-bonnet women and one-gallused men drove bravely outward to the land of heart’s desire.

And it is a good call and serviceable. Much may be made of it in mountain air, where the hills ring with it and the gray canyons give it back. One finds its somewhat fanciful variant in Oregon today, where ranchers grip the top rail firmly in their calloused hands, throw back their heads until the apple of Adam is well above the flannel collar, open wide their mouths, and sound the call of calls: “Pig-a-roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo! Pig-a-roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo! Pig-a-roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!” The stance is middling important. The boots should be widely but solidly set, there should be a distance of thirty-six inches between the hands, closed on the weathered rail, the head should be held at an angle which permits the eyes to rest midway between timber-line and zenith, and the pipe should always be laid carefully aside. This call never fails to fetch ’em.

Another school of hog-calling will employ no summons save “Soo-ey! Soo-ey! Soo-ey!” Now this call has a really significant standing in science, since swine are of the genus *sus*, a term itself derived from the Latin word *suinus*. The husbandman who shouts “Soo-ey!” into the evening quietude, quite shattering it to bits, has profound authority for his choice of calls. This, too, is an excellent call for all practical purposes, yet it is interesting to note that it practices a different appeal. The motif may be said to be widely at variance from those calls we have heretofore discussed. In either “Pi-goo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ey!” or “Pig-a-roo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!” the dominant note is one of exquisite longing, almost of poignant sadness. The better nature, the esthetic element, of the absent pig is touchingly appealed to, and there is discovered in the call,

though in far greater degree, that same wistful nuance one remarks in the notes of the mourning dove. The call is dwelt upon lingeringly. On the contrary the rival call, that of "Soo-ey!" is bright and sharp and mandatory as the bark of a bugle. It urges the hogs to haste, for it is itself a hasty, urgent summons. There need be no conflict, one thinks, as to the merits of either call. They are alike in this, that they serve the purpose well.

Ah, the rural arts! The homely lore of the forefathers! How greatly have they contributed to the creature comfort and the spiritual romance of the world. And just as we are about to shake doleful head and say that they are neglected, that few practice them any more, up spring the timeless grangers to match talents in the calling of hogs. It is all most reassuring, and the vast ship of state proceeds on even keel before a fair wind.



AN OLD SONG

SOFTENED through night the mellow music pours,
Trembles and calls and cries itself to sleep,
Lost somewhere in the yearning outofdoors—
For fays to find and keep.

And, just across the way, the neighbor's lass
Raises slim fingers from the quiet keys;
While crickets wake again within the grass,
To elfin melodies.

The vine upon the porch is swept and stirred,
As though some passer paused to take a flower;
And night seems hungry for a single word—
This is the lonely hour.

I wish that she had played another song,
Something that laughs and lightly flees away,
Nor lingering makes an hour seem overlong—
Nor asks my leave to stay.

The dog crowds closer to my tilted chair;
To seek the friendly comfort of my hand;
For he and I, we know that over there,
Beyond the dusk you stand.



FIELDS OF FAILURE

IN THE forests of the west are found, often at considerable distance from highways and settlements, the broken cabins and the tangled fields of farms that failed. He is a singularly unresponsive fellow and untouched of fancy, who comes upon these neglected and abandoned tracts, and marks the sad grayness of their habitations and outbuildings, without hearing the echo of bugles; without entertaining, though but momentarily, a thought of lost endeavor and unrequited dreams. For however it was that these cabins became tenantless, these acres overgrown with brier and herb, this soil has witnessed the relinquishment of hope, after having known courage and purpose in no mean degree. Here, then, the fight was lost, and here the weapons were cast down at length—the rusted plowshare, the blade that cuts no more.

And there is a place where one built beside the sea, at the verge of a brown cliff rising over the fishing rocks, high above the whiteness of the surf and the resonance of the tides. How often at sundown, when shadows paced in the firs to eastward, did they look westward from this cabin to observe the trail of the sun, the plume of an unseen steamer, the descent of day to the depths of the Pacific. And very presently the glint of the moon would be over the impatient darkness of waters, and the beaded lights of ships would

sway onward, obscured and revealed by the viewless sea. The vine would shine with wetness in lantern light, the air be chill and salt, and, as the fog swirled inland over the cliff, they would kindle a fire on the stone hearth and talk of another day. And yawn, and muse, and talk of another day.

He had cleared, or partially, some forty acres when he knew defeat. This stumpless plot before the cabin was his garden place, though the mullein has it now, and the persistent, indomitable berry. It was all good land for garden truck, since rains fall often along the coast, and even the heavy mists give drink, while to some depth the soil is that of vegetation in decay. They stood here, the two of them, often enough; and praised the lusty garden as it grew, and hefted the heavy produce, so crisp and admirable, and turned again to strife with wildlings, until both hoe and spade were burnished by toil. If you search the weed patches you may find the choked and withered canes that alone survive of the small fruits he planted. Or you will come upon some thin and desperate vegetable, the weazened, half-wild survivor of a species that cannot quite turn feral and so must dwindle and die. And the half of the broken head of a doll.

There is a sense of being haunted. The silent, musty cabin that repels the sunshine; the empty barn where wild things kennel; the sooted smokehouse, cavernous, wherein he hung his venison, beef and swine; the silvered stumps of the clearing, crowding close and closer, yet forever motionless, unfronded, desolate and bitten deep by mold. There is a sense of being haunted at high noon. The bench where he washed after labor, how singularly pathetic it is; the crumbling forge, how lonely for fire; the paneless windows and the sagging door, how grim and sad of aspect. It is quite difficult to conceive that these rooms have heard laughter, that these acres have replied to tillage, and that these stumps once upbore such trunks and branches as challenged faith and fortitude and toil. It is the very hallmark of defeat, this loneliness, and the presence is the presence of abandoned purpose.

His highway was the beach, paved for him by the tides, and used only at their permission. This gully, pitching sharply, seamed

with rains, twisting downward between stone and root, was his road. And when he took it for the last time, for whatever reason he went, did he look backward at the cabin and the field? Or was he gay or sorrowful? And did she sigh or smile? They were free—but were they glad of freedom?



KIPLING THE PARTISAN

HOWEVER harshly Rudyard Kipling may style us, as he does in his recently published book, and with most evident ill-will in the poem, "The Vineyard," we Americans shall always be able to discriminate between the man of letters, whom we love, and the embittered partisan, whom we pity. The taunt of the poem, that American aid came "at the eleventh hour," and more in similar vein, is to us only the proof, through Kipling, that it will be long before either Great Britain or Europe tells the truth and shames the devil. Such intemperance of expression is plainly born of an antipathy that will hold no immediate parley with reason or the facts.

Since his back had felt no load,
Virtue still in him abode;
So he swiftly made his own
Those lost spoils he had not won.

The allusion is to America—the American. To discuss the falseness of the premise were futile here, and possible equally futile anywhere. It is a shameful thing to say of a comrade country, in any case, whose dead lie cheek by jowl with yours, mingling in a common clay. This is the Kipling whose son did not return that speaks, as well as the Kipling whose constant and jealous fetish has been the glory of English arms, the impeccability of English motive and of English honor. To stroll through Kipling's verse from the beginning, however, is to be made aware of a persistent

contempt, not unmixed with chauvinistic jealousy, for the American. The mood is so characteristically alien that we have held it lightly; moreover, it was Kipling's mood, and Kipling was and is to be forgiven much. But it is no new thing, this dispraise of the American, his ideals, his objective and his code of ethics.

In the poem, "An American," written in 1894, Kipling represents the American spirit to be a callow and chaotic enigma, vain, contradictory, without definite purpose or defined comprehension. He represented us as matching "with destiny for beers," and though the last quatrain extends promise of eventual deliverance the poem as a whole is contemptuously tuned and impertinently phrased. His verses to "The American Rebellion," meaning thereby the Revolutionary War, are in their opening stanzas spitefully reproachful of the colonies, whose freemen are arraigned for cowardice and upbraided as opportunists. Not until the might of England, the poem contends, had delivered the colonies from the menace of France and Spain did the American patriots take thought of freedom.

Not till the clean-swept oceans showed
No hostile flag unrolled,
Did they remember what they owed
To freedom—and were bold!

The afterpart of the poem, in which Kipling grieves fallen red-coat and revolutionary alike, and very tenderly strews both graves with laurel, cannot pluck the sting from those stanzas in which was spoken the hot, impulsive thought. In "The Choice," a poem penned when America entered the World War, this same consistency of belittlement stands pridefully revealed. We are given to know that our laggard rifles are welcome—yet nevertheless laggard. We are rather stiltedly informed, from the rarefied heights of British condescension, that it is well for us that we "choose that the flesh should die and not the living soul." Our reward should be our cleansed and purified virtue. (Heaven witnesses it has been no more than that, and this they would blacken.) We were ex-

horted by Kipling in this poem to "Praise the Lord most high," for our retarded salvation. The Lord, and inferentially the British empire.

"The White Man's Burden," written when America assumed control of the Philippines, is of more amiable tenor, in so far as the phrasing of the message is concerned. But therein, also, is found the implied reproach of an elder wisdom, that for long has borne the burden and known the thanklessness thereof. We were admitted by that poem to the great fellowship of civilization's cause, and might on such high warrant undertake to better the condition of "new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil and half child." America received "The White Man's Burden" as a squire receives the accolade. We have ever been too eager for approval, who have no need of it so long as the deed squares with conscience.

The tribute to Colonel Roosevelt, called "Great Heart," was offered in the hour of death. It is spontaneous and ungrudging in every phrase and syllable. "Our realm is diminished with Great Heart away." But it finds merit in the individual rather than in the land which shaped him, and in substance it sets forth that Roosevelt was worthy of Britain's self. He was so thoroughly, wholeheartedly, blazingly American that it is our privilege to consider the verses an acknowledgment of American virtues, though they were never so intended. At least it is one poem from the mind of Kipling, one poem dealing with an American topic, that we may read without a justified suspicion that we are being coldly highhatted.

Kipling has himself given us sound advice for this trying hour, though inadvertently, in the poem called "A Song of the White Men," where he urges courage, patience and an utter disregard for what the tongues of malice and envy may say. It is a foil, one thinks, to the verses of "The Vineyard," that were acclaimed as "deadly" by a London critic, but which in truth are innocuously spiteful. It was in this wise that Kipling counseled us against a time when we might need it:

Now, this is the cup the white men drink
When they go to right a wrong,
And that is the cup of the old world's hate—
Cruel and strained and strong.

These are all minor matters, these flaws we find in Kipling's attitude toward America—all minor and immaterial. For it is not Kipling the partisan who holds our allegiance hard and fast, but Kipling the man of letters. We cannot be wholly angry with the man who wrote "Kim." Long life to him, and more of happiness than has lately been his portion.



NOODLES AND SOME OTHER DOGS

THE dog Noodles is lost. This newspaper trusts, long ere these words are printed, Noodles shall have been found and restored to his boy. Let us tell you this much—it is no laughing matter to lose a dog, such a dog as must grieve at being lost the while he patters along sniffing at strange shins, and asking questions of people to whom he never has been introduced, asking them with his eyes. And this Noodles, he is that sort of dog. So, as we say, it were better for all concerned if he be found right speedily, since it is very evident that, although there are dogs and dogs, there can never be but one such dog as Noodles.

This companionship of boy and dog goes back quite a way; back to Adam, in fact. Adam was never a boy, of course, but you will understand what is meant. Being a man from the very first, from the wonderful misty beginning of things, he had nevertheless a trace of boyishness in his heart, since legend tells us that the dog, his dog, the first dog, loved him well. It is worth inquiring into, this legend, this fable, or whatever you choose to call it, of Father Adam and his dog. After Eden, when knowledge set poor Adam apart from his companions, the beasts, so that he wept to think on the lost days, a visible gulf widened swiftly between

Adam and his erstwhile friends. On this side of the gulf was Adam, his heart in his throat; on the other paced mournful tigers and huge elephants, sadly trumpeting, and bright, tall birds, rigid and affrighted, and all manner of living creatures save man. And the gulf widened and deepened, inexorably, and Adam stretched out the two hands of him.

Beyond the gulf—that is to say, on the side where beasts were—the dog whined and barked, and the echo of his dolor went ringing up and up to the young sun. Back and forth, forth and back, along the perilous brink of that dread chasm raced the dog. Fear was in his brown eyes, and fear was in his newly awakened heart, and abject fear in the beseeching droop of his tail—and twice he crouched, and thrice, as if to spring, but the purple deeps appalled him. And then, said the dog, “Neck or nothing!” said he, and gathered his muscles and with a great bound put fear behind him. Lean and clean and true as an arrow he sped across the gulf, and, tail a-wagging, dropped lightly beside our Father Adam to lift cold muzzle to warm hand. And beside the sons and daughters of Adam his sons and daughters walk this very day.

It is permitted one to go further and show, touching this matter of dogs, that in the time of myth the gods kept no less than two dogs on Olympus—above the clouds and far beyond all sorrow. Of these one was the dog *Lelaps*, whose iron sinews were forged by *Vulcan*; and *Lelaps* had bayed the deer in groves of earth. For his mate *Lelaps* had the bitch *Mera*, that same faithful creature who expired of grief when her young mistress died. Often and often, sifting down through the clouds of Olympus, one might hear in those times the round, happy baying of the two—*Lelaps* and *Mera*, companions of the gods.

In the “*Morte d’Arthur*” it is recounted that none knew Sir *Tristram* as he was fetched from the forest, pale, spent and insensible, save the brachet *Hodain*, the little she-hound that was the dog of his sweetheart. No sooner had they stretched Sir *Tristram* on the rushes of the castle hall, to stand back with arms akimbo and wonder greatly who he might be, than “this little brachet felt a savor of Sir *Tristram* . . . leapt upon him and

licked his tears and licked his ears, and she whined and quested, and she smelled at his feet and his hands, and on all parts of the body that she might come to." They, the king and his courtiers, the hulking men-at-arms, the silken pages, the bowmen, were all dull of wit—but Hodain knew him, as dogs always know their friends, and under whatever untoward circumstance.

Yes, indeed. Also, concerning the matter of fidelity, it is told in a Norse saga that Olaf Paa gave to Gunnar, as a great gift, the Irish hound Samr, that was held to be the equal in valor and prowess of an able man fully armed. You may well believe that Gunnar was much pleased with the gift, and the more so, while he stroked the smooth head and soft, warm ears, to hear Olaf Paa say this of the dog: "He hath a man's wit and will bark at thine enemies, but never at thy friends. And he will see by each man's face whether he be well or ill-disposed toward thee, and he will lay down his life to be true to thee."

From all this praise one must conclude that Samr was an exceptional dog, and that is true; he was the best dog of Olaf's kennels—nevertheless, there are many dogs as staunch at heart, and shall be.

It may appear that the mythical, legendary and, in some part, semi-historic, records of these good dogs that are gone have little to do with the case of Noodles, the Boston bull with cropped tail and long ears, that is lost at the moment of writing. Yet, on closer scrutiny, it is seen that they have much to do with the plight of Noodles and the necessity that he be restored to his boy. For they depict, in some inadequate degree, the innermost hearts of gods, dogs and men, and they purpose to explain why it is that dogs and men have walked together ever since the gulf widened between our Father Adam and the animals. Though these tales are mostly mythical or legendary, nevertheless one believes them to be true in principle, for whoever wishes may find abundant evidence of their truth to this day.

THE GOLDEN DAYS

O GOLDEN are the days that we shall know
Beyond the sunrise of another year—
Say to your heart, "I'm sure it must be so,"
To your brave heart, my dear.
For God has given each returning Spring
A flower to hold against her happy breast;
Nay, He has taken thought of everything—
And to the bird its nest.

Look to the trees that dream their olden dream
Of April come again to wake the bud,
Or hear the whisper of the patient stream
That waits its joyous flood.
If your fond heart is sad a little while,
This is but winter that will have its way—
Why, even now, along some country mile
Falls the dear glance of May.

And Time the niggard from his purse has drawn
In two gnarled fists a minted store of days;
Come, let us spend them, till the last is gone,
In wiser, worthier ways!
If it be folly so to spend a day
That naught remains save laughter in the heart,
Why, it is wisdom, too, and we who pay
Shall count our gain apart.

O golden are the days that we shall know,
The dawns of purple and of magic made—
Nay, grieve not for the wistful Long Ago,
And be not now afraid.
As children wiser grown, yet laughing still,
Let us go hand in hand toward the blue;
As children standing on a morning hill—
We shall be happy, too!

MOUNTAINS BY MOONLIGHT

SO CLEAR has been the atmosphere, untainted of any murk, and so brilliant has been the moonlight, that for some nights past certain snow peaks of the Cascades have been clearly visible to an astounded and delighted city. When seen by moonlight these sisters of the range take on an appearance altogether unfamiliar, almost unreal, yet beautiful as the mountains which lie beyond the borders of faerie—the veritable mountains of the moon. It is something to be permitted to see that which hitherto has seemed but legendary and fanciful.

How surely do mountains compel our wayward attention, and the more so if at the moment they are silvered by the moon. Their spell is comparable to the spell that is woven by an ocean when first it breaks upon the sight, and the eye marks the illimitable pulsation of its tides. Foolish persons say in their minds, now and again, that such marvels have no explanation such as theology would afford. They say it is vain to seek an explanation, since no man knows, and all is conjecture and groping. Yet that something which rises superior to the mind and its obstinate rationalism, which is to cold logic as reason is to the cluttered thoughts of a child, and which has its residence in the heart—that certain something—finds itself in awe of seas and mountains, and pays reverence to their beauty and perfection and majesty. At such times even the skeptic draws near to the secret, and discovers his unbelief to be singularly weak and valueless. Thus reason's inner self surpasses reason and has an answer which restrains all argument.

It is said that it is not often we may see these snow peaks after nightfall, even though the moon be high and full. Many who have within the week observed Mount Hood and Saint Helens, and Adams and even distant Rainier, under the magic of the moon, have never seen them so before. This dispensation is of considerable moment. It is good that we should see these monuments to creation by another light than that of day, if only to remind us that they are always there, unchanged and unchanging, and wondrously beautiful.



LINES TO TAM

YOU may have the other dogs, though I like them all,
But give me just a collie that will answer to my call;
A gentlemanly collie of a sober pace and slow,
A romping, smiling collie when I would have him so;
A collie who can dim his eyes with sadness when he will,
Or bid them dance with merriment upon a windy hill—
A ruffed and sprightly collie,
A plumed and knightly collie,
Keen for mirth, and quick to grief, and brave to kill.
Let me have a collie and I'll never lonely be
If thrice a hundred miles shall stretch between the town and me;
For if I've need of talking he will listen, grave and wise,
And if I want for laughter I shall find it in his eyes;
If peril should come nigh us, why, he'd be the last to turn;
And of a rainy twilight we would watch the driftwood burn—
A gold and sable collie,
A bold and able collie,
Clean of heart, and high of head, and bright to learn.

You may have the other dogs to love and teach and own,
But I will choose the collie where he stands alone—
Though times within his eager eyes I know that I must see
A tribute to a better man than I shall ever be;
As gentle as a maid he is, this warrior heart and high—
And who am I that such a friend should sorrow at my sigh?
A ruffed and royal collie,
A plumed and loyal collie,
Quick to love, and bold to dare, and brave to die.

EAST WIND

THIS is a tale wherewith to warm yourself, because it tells of how East Wind was tamed, cold and cruel as he is, so many seasons ago that you must think of the sun as having been very young at that time. And in those days Coyote was god of all lands drained by the great Columbia, and the tribes knew him for their father.

It is a tale the old men used to tell, with much burning of tobacco, when East Wind walked in fury just outside the huts, so that none might fish or hunt, and the young men lounged in the shadows, listening. It was a tale that was told centuries before white sails of a ship shone on the breast of the river, and being ever and ever so old it must, indeed, be true.

In the days when Coyote was god of the Oregon country there dwelt beside the Columbia five famous brothers, who were the spirits of the East Wind. Each was taller than a ripened fir, and stronger than the strength of all the tribes, and the sum of their cruelty was vast beyond mortal conception. When they walked abroad the streams congealed in terror, and the grasses withered to blackness, and on the blast of their breath was carried a gale of sharpened snow. They were feared.

Yet at another place on the great river—for Coyote was just—dwelt five no less celebrated champions, who were the spirits of the South Wind, whose name was Chinook. There was no cedar so straight and tall as they, and their strength was the strength of a mighty waterfall, and the sum of their benevolence was inexhaustible. When they walked abroad the streams were freed from a chill prison, and the grasses leaped to green and happy life again, and birds sang, and on the warm current of their breath were carried geese and cranes and ducks, beyond all numbering. They were loved.

"Come and wrestle with us!" taunted the brothers of the East Wind.

Forth from their lodges streamed the five brothers Chinook, and there in the sunshine they besought Coyote, god of all the

Oregon country, for leave to humble the boasters and to free the land from an evil presence.

"You may wrestle," answered Coyote, "but those who lose must die."

And the winds strove at his bidding, hate against love, evil against good, cold against warmth, death against life. They locked themselves breast to breast, reeling to and fro, and where they trod the forest the largest trees were trampled down like rushes. The sound of their breathing was that of ten tremendous winds, interlaced, woven into one vast hurricane. The sea quickened to it and swept far up the beaches, and crashed against the headlands, in such a surf as man had never seen. And all the river was white with racing foam. Yet in the end, despite the just cause they upheld, the five brothers of the South Wind were tripped upon the treacherous ice spread by their foes, and were thrown and overwhelmed. Coyote gave them death. Then a great fear and a great famine laid hold on the lands of the Columbia, for they of the East Wind strode over it at all seasons, delighting in pain.

In a hut by the river, with his aged grandparents, was the last of the Chinooks, a boy not big enough to bend the smallest bow. Him the five furious brothers of the East Wind would surely have slain, but as they sought the lad, rushing blindly hither and thither, Coyote—who was just and fair—whispered that he must flee. His grandmother wept and held him close to her heart, and clothed him in warm furs, and bade him flee to the south. This the boy did, for he desired more than all else to grow strong, that he might return to wrestle. Southward, ever southward, the geese above him, fleet as the geese he fled, and came to the green grass again. And there he grew.

He grew until his arms were fit for trial, and at a tug he tore a sapling from the earth. He grew until his arms were fit for the test, and when he had closed his brown hands on the mighty pine he wrenched it from the soil and tossed it from him. He grew until there was no river that he could not cross at a stride, and when this was so he strode north, ever northward, his heart hot within him. At dawn of the second day he stood beside the hut,

and peered within, and saw his ancient grandparents shivering over the last ember of their fire. But he brought sunshine.

"I am Chinook," he called, his voice ringing away up the river. "Come and wrestle with me, brothers of the East Wind!"

They came against him, those five, and furiously. Over the frozen peaks, down the cold and dreary canyons, across the silent, fearful fields, by streams locked in ice, came the brothers of the East Wind. And Chinook heard them as they raged, and he laughed in mockery and without fear ran forward. Where he ran flowers sprang up.

So fleet was he that he reached the foremost of his foes before the rest drew near. So strong he was that he pressed the life from the enemy as breast touched breast. And so he came to the second, and served him likewise; and to the third, and left him dying; and to the fourth, and throttled him with a single hand. But the fifth and last of the evil brothers threw himself at the hero's feet and embraced his moccasins, and begged for mercy.

"Yield him his life," said Coyote, god of the Oregon country.

They made a pact beside the river, and Coyote decreed it to be law—that East Wind might walk abroad only for a brief season, in any year, and that Chinook should drive him back whenever the South Wind chose. It was ordered that good should always have victory over evil, and that hate should yield to love, and cold to warmth. And so it has been since that day.

For it is a tale the old men told, with much burning of tobacco, when the fifth brother walked in fury just outside the huts, and the young men lounged in the shadows, listening. It is very old, and so it must be true.



THE SONG OF THE WATER OUZEL

LOITERING by an old dam, its concrete work blasted and broken by dynamite, as though it had been taken in some desperate assault following artillery fire, a certain fisherman heard the

song of the water ouzel. The birds were very busy at their foraging, and it is to be suspected that somewhere in the ruined masonry, above the chuckle of their chosen creek, they designed to build a nest. It was the fortune of this fisherman, standing by a green pool where few trout were, to hear the song they have when they give praise to providence. Few fishermen, comparatively speaking, ever have heard it, and not many naturalists. It is worth going fishing to hear—worth the scrambling and the stumbling, the drenching, that are inseparable from progress up or down an Oregon creek. It is praise.

Often the unseeing eye catches but a blurred vision of the countryside, the canyon, the sultry cliff, the white of dogwood against young cedars. And so it is with ears that are attuned to conversation only. That soft undertone which is the speech of a light breeze in conifers, and the very happiest of sighs, becomes no more than an accompaniment against which words are cast. It is unheard, in truth, for even its insistence cannot lift it above the commonplace—to the unhearing ear. And flowers are vague beside the highway; the golden spatterdock an unregarded weed of the marshes, the aspiring foxglove a huddle of pale-green color, the wild columbine a thin stranger, nodding in the brier. And the far ventriloquial hooting of the blue grouse, the pulsing drum of the ruffed, conjure no fancy of a great bird hidden in a high tree, or of a proud cock grouse ruffling it on his log. And water ouzels? Why, a water ouzel is just a funny little bird, without a name, that has been seen a thousand times along such streams as this.

It was known to the old ones that wise men walk in sympathy and wonderment, and some at least of their wisdom remains with us. But we ponder too infrequently, and observe too rarely, that various beauty and mystery which is near at hand; and we think to find it in books only, and when we find it there, it is either deceitful or we do not understand. Solomon, the son of David, found a mystery dear to his heart not only in the ways of his kind, which are the ways of nature, but in the ways of nature in her wilder moods. He said:

"There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea,

four, which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid."

Now, Solomon was a busy king, and his power was sufficient to all his needs. He was busied at ruling and reigning, and he was industrious in the formulation of his reflective philosophy. Yet it appears that for all his numerous activities, this ancient monarch made good use of his eyes when he walked abroad, and turned his thought often to matters other than those of statecraft. Had he heard the water ouzel sing, there would have been another proverb in the full sheaf of his wisdom.



TO A SEA BIRD DYING

Reprinted from the *New York Times*

HERE where the tide has cast it lies this wrack,
White as the crest that bore it to the land,
And swart of pinion as the storm is black,
And very pitiful beneath the hand.
Now death has touched it, though its eye is brave,
The dark beak lifted as to strike the foe,
While in its glance the wildness of the wave
Ebbs as the head drops low.

For you our mother ocean beats no more;
No sea-glint summons where the far sail veers,
Nor any surge shall smite the hollow shore,
Nor sundown beckon where the great whale steers;
This gathering grayness is not driven mist
Fleet as winged winds that flee;
It is no fog of pearl and amethyst
Risen from out the sea.

All motionless is the suspended tide,
The viewless thunder thins and fades . . . is still;
And the sun's self is quenched in all his pride,
And pallid grown and chill.
So death comes, wild one, and an end of days;
So comes he, swift one, and an end of flight;
An end of mother ocean and her ways,
Of rock and dune, and dawn and moon, and night.

It is not true. Life is not slain by death.
The vast, immortal sea shall have her own,
Shall garner to her this expiring breath,
Shall reap where she has sown.
And with her you shall be, in her delight;
Her winds your flight, her wildness your desire;
Her whiteness yours as these your plumes are white—
Bright wings that never tire!



THE LITTLE LONE LAKE

WE ARE of two minds about rejoicing over the discovery of a little lone lake in the Mount Hood country, and the plans to build a road to it, so that tourists and campers may invade its immemorial solitude. The story runs that it was found many years ago by a prospector, and that he wisely said nothing at all, for reasons he himself doubtless would have difficulty in declaring. When the Loop road was built, however, he determined upon revealing his secret, that he might share with others the beauty of the hidden lake and of a nearby waterfall. He told, and engineers sought it out, and presently beside its stillness there will gleam and shimmer at sunset . . . the empty sardine tin and the discarded butter carton. The little lone lake will no longer be lonely.

The man who found the lake, pray observe, was also of two minds. When he chanced upon it his was the exultation of one who discovers, and who feels that he has found that which few men ever have seen, and which, perchance, no living eye save his has rested on. There is a character apparent in mountain lakes which commends them as virginal and reticent, folded as they are in the silence of mid-mountain, girt with firs and cedars, mysterious, thoughtful. So the man who found the lake named it Teacup lake, and a good enough name it is, and resolved never to tell. His was an intrigue with nature herself, and he was her warden. But he did tell, being of two minds, and they are going to build a road.

The little lone lake has heard aforetime the wild, wild laughter of the loon, when he lifted his lustrous head to affront the silence with maddest mirth. It may feel, because of this recollection, something of a connoisseur of laughter, but it never has heard Georgie Babbitt bay the rising moon. It has mirrored the gentle countenance of does, bending to drink, and it may be constrained to think it has known beauty, yet it never has reflected the matutinal visage of some lady vandal trigged out with curl-papers. Ah, the experiences that will accrue to the little lone lake by virtue of its discovery, once they have built the road to it!

Yet, who are we to rail against the inevitable? Nay, this is but the voice of vain regret. It is ordained that lakes shall be found and roads constructed to facilitate the advance of the avalanche, and it is good that such lakes should mend minds and hearts and make men and women, if not entirely happy, at least happier than they were. This lake escaped service for a long while, as time goes, and it can have no complaint against being found. We do hope that people who subsequently profess to love the lake will clean camp ere they depart, and, turning at the bend of the trail, will give it farewell.





THANKSGIVING

UP FROM the gray farm by the long, gray road,
Where brown leaves on the golden stubble lie,
And horses nod their bowed heads to the load,
And wild geese trumpet down a lane of sky;
From the strong city grown so wise and proud,
From cottage smoke upon the country air,
And from the far hills like a dreaming cloud—
Giver of good, this prayer.

Give us to feel the warmth of heart we felt
When first we reaped a field of yellow corn,
The simple trust that wrapped us as we knelt,
That wakened with us in each cleanly morn;
When we, thy children, were not blessed with power,
Nor quick to cavi, nor grown over-vain,
And still perceived the marvel of a flower—
The miracle of rain.

Grant that our pride may be untouched by scorn,
And that our eyes shall not be strange to shame,
And that our feet may feel the wayside thorn,
And that our souls shall kindle to the flame.
Naught shall avail the cities that we rear,
Nor yet the boast of all our hands have made,
If in our hearts we know a secret fear—
And are afraid.

Up from the quiet of a drowsing town,
Where yard to yard the green-roofed houses dream—
With the last leaf of autumn whirling down,
And the dim laughter of a hidden stream;
Up from the city, fair as cities are,
From cottage smoke upon the country air,
From the far hills whence springs a twilight star—
Giver of good, this prayer.



THE HOUR OF ARMISTICE

THERE is a vastness of days between the big moments of living, for these are few and very separate. It is not often that the heart fills to flood, and the individual is uplifted as with wings of the spirit, knowing a joy, a certainty, a fulfillment, that seem something more than mortal. We do not know ourselves, the grateful deeps of our being, until such an hour flashes into the years and strikes with the tone of trumpets. Eight years ago this day we of America were given such an hour for our own, and very precious it was, and few were so mean and poor of spirit as not to be transfigured by the privilege. The hour was that of armistice, in the day called Armistice day.

These moments lift us above and beyond the casual world, to tremendous promontories of exaltation, where we are briefly possessed by such emotion as never we had thought to compass, and where understanding blazes as a great light. And baseness and self are given to darkness, and thin and far away are those common promptings of a competitive existence, and our mortality seems indeed a dream with a purpose, a pilgrimage with a goal. But the light wanes, the hour passes, and we resume. It could not well be otherwise, since mortals are not gods. They may not walk the heights always. But they have had their hour. And the wistful, glowing memory of it should be kept for guidance.

Here is an interesting fact. In eight years the page of a newspaper becomes discolored with time, and somewhat rougher to the touch, and mellowed as an old face. In this way it attests the past and begs of you to treat it with consideration—both the page and the past—the while it brings back days that cannot be more faithfully restored by any agency; days that were forgotten, by some who went away, when the shell burst or the cruel machine-gun combed the drab terrain. In those days, and how distant and unreal they are to many of us, the boys who went from Oregon were writing home to the folks. Letters with strange queerness of reality; script in which mud, and flowers, and death, and Paris, and pain, and laughter, and courage were most singularly commingled. And one wrote, the while the line rested in an advance:

"They try to kill off as many of our boys as possible with machine-guns, and when they are cornered they ask for mercy and cry 'Kamerad!'"

You may fill it in for yourself. The sprawled figure in the rain. The pestilential craters where shells had fallen. The plane that dropped roaringly from a low cloud to harry the marching troops. The ominous, dark clump of trees that would, in a near moment, wake to the stark chattering of machine-guns. You may fill it in for yourself. And another wrote from his cot in the base hospital:

"I am going to finish my job or stop a lump of lead again. I will get back to the front somehow."

But the headlines were increasingly sanguine, for they drew on to the climax. They no longer caused one to lay the paper aside and stare reflectively at his desk and wonder, and wonder, if perhaps—. They were trophies of a victory that could no longer be denied, and they meant that in Potsdam the emperor walked to and fro amid the shards of his high ambition. "Kaiser Refuses to Quit Throne." As though a kaiser could stem by royal inclination the currents that beat against his palace. "Foch Jams Weary Foe Farther Back." The armies of a lost endeavor. "Germany Has 72 Hours to Decide Her Fate." Take up the cup the war lord filled for you. "World's Greatest Autocrat, Whose Race Is Run."

That vain, imperial face, hawk-like, haughty; the likeness of one to whom power was wine.

Thus we were prepared for the first armistice day, and all misgivings were allayed; and it seemed that surely, however pitiful the nature of the price, the world somehow had gained in comprehension, in dignity, in decency, in the establishment of normal and happier relations between nations. And the hour struck when war was at an end. At an end. The golden hour.

There is this about the big moments of living—they are true, they are inspirational. Do not be deceived by the complexities which follow, the bitterness, the hesitancy, the multiplicity of problems. Your eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, master mime, holds that the outwardly placid and unemotional tenor of every day's affairs conceals more of tragedy than motion pictures ever can reveal. For consummate acting the average man, at grips with his own destiny, rises to heights stars cannot attain. On his lips may be laughter, but often in his secret heart is sadness, so that his fellow mimics—themselves engrossed with roles that conceal and fortify—say to one another that such a one is happy, when, in truth, his hurt is grievous. Charles has stumbled upon an old deceit, and a brave deceit, and, moreover, he is permitting us to peer at Charles himself, who is not Charlie.

What a stout claim this nimble fellow has upon our fancy and our affection, with his matchless buffoonery, and his smile that is half whimsy, half grief! Elsewhere they laugh at us, the wise folk of the world, because we have elevated Charlie to the dignity of an institution, and when they name our faults they never fail to number Chaplin among them. But he has made us to laugh until the

tears flowed unchecked, and children tossed their caps high in the gloom of the temple, and he has brought us near to weeping of a different savor. We are far from ashamed of him. He is an artist.

Here is a stage, let us say—for who knows but that it is a stage?—set for the company of planets, and suns, and doddering dead worlds to watch, and on this stage we move and speak our lines. Beyond the milky way the great ones roar their merriment, or are silent in the vastitude of their infinite pity. Leaning from the blue balcony of heaven they perceive Charlie, the comedian, an act within an act, flinging his tender jests at fate and mitigating in some degree the intrinsic sorrow of existence—taking the custard pies of adversity full in the face as befits a gallant clown. And peering into the hidden heart of the actor they descry the regrets and importunities he masks so skillfully, and know him for one of the best of the mortal cast. Do they not say that Charles is a fine actor and a brave man?

We remember the cry of an English poet, outlawed by folly: "Surely there was a time I might have trod the sunlit heights and from life's dissonance . . ." So it may seem to Chaplin, who believes that the lowly exactions of his art have fettered his genius. This thing of tatters and absurdity, this mimer so preposterously garbed, this blend of whimsicality and helpless woe, was it to create this character that the high gods gave to him the soul of a poet? The answer, Charlie, is that such was their purpose seemingly.



WILD DUCKS

THE winnowing wings of ducks at dawn, wild ducks stirred by the coming of the sun, the full-throated, oracular quack of the drake, the fading stars and the salt suspiration of the marsh—all these are as an old and well-loved tale to the duck hunter waiting for daybreak. He would trade places with no man, not he, having

for his own the river fog cool on his face, the rustle and stir of unseen waters and the sharp whisper of hidden wings. Just as not all of fishing is to fish, so it is with the hunting of ducks. Sportsmen always return somewhat richer in memory by virtue of the experience, whether they have tumbled few ducks or many—and this, we take it, is the essence of all true sport.

The mallard, of course, is the monarch of them all, that wily, cumbersome fellow whose sage head and heavy neck have the sheen of such satin as the shops do not keep—a green so lustrous that it emits rays like an emerald. Men are by nature somewhat given to cruelty, having been huntsmen far longer than the record tells—and, though it may be a cruel thing to kill a drake mallard in his swift flight, there is a sort of exultation in the act, in the perfection of the shot. The sharp flut-flut of the pellets through spread wings, the instant relaxation of all that swiftiness and vigor, the whistling plunge of the stricken target and the thud as the bird strikes ground—these are memorable.

There is not, at least to the sportsman, anywhere else among birds to be found such grace of flight, such perfection of contour, such comely coloration, or such wisdom, as wild ducks possess. They are game birds of the best, whose flight is that of an arrow, and whose every feather is perfection. Beside the perfection, let us say, of a drake pintail in full bridal plumage—and this is relatively a modest duck—the trappings of a golden pheasant seem tawdry. The lines of the pintail male are among the most graceful of all curves in the structure of birds—the long, slender and pliant neck, the smooth sweep downward to the rounded back, the finely modeled breast, and the handsome head are more than distinctive. Structurally and from an esthetic point of view the male pintail is the most beautiful of all western wild ducks, not even excepting the bridal duck. The plumage, of course, attains its full charm only with spring.

Widgeon, teal and gadwall, the blunt little ruddy duck, the blue-bill, and a score of others—all are birds on which nature lavished her best craftsmanship, that they might excel on the water and in the air, and that their mates might be pleased with them. Lakes

and ponds without ducks would lack something that was intended, and that lack would intensify the growing tameness and sameness which have urged many a sportsman and naturalist to take up the cause of conservation. There is reason to fear that our wild ducks, like so many other wild creatures, will not last forever. They will not have been tamed, for they will be dead—unless bag limits are observed and game laws strictly adhered to.

Hunters who are shooting ducks this season, for ducks yet are plentiful in Oregon, should bear these facts in mind. They should be content with modest bags and feel more than compensated by the enjoyment of the sport itself and the outing in the marshes. And they should impress upon their friends and companions the fact that it is vulgar stupidity to think that sport is proved by the biggest heap of game.



THE BOOTLEGGER'S DOG

THE bootlegger's dog is dead. Whistle as loudly as he may, the man can never call the dog to his side. One is certain that he would come if he could, for they say that the dog died of a broken heart because his master had gone to jail. Actually he passed through starvation, but it were a mere quibble to declare that he did not die of grief, for he would not eat after they had taken the man away. Poor old fellow.

It will occur to you, of course, that the bootlegger wasn't worth it. How, pray you, can you be so certain of this? Dogs ask no questions of those who have their faith in keeping. They are not interested in human ethics and morality. You will remember that even Bill Sikes had a dog, a very faithful one. To us it has always seemed that the dog perceived something in Sikes, hidden beneath that forbidding and brutal exterior, quite impossible for less sensitive eyes to discern. Nor would we wrong the bootlegger by any comparison of him to Sikes. He is, at worst, a bootlegger, and he had a dog for his friend. Such friendship as he engendered in the dog

proves him to be a person of some consequence in the world. Children probably like him, also.

The point we desire to make, however, is that the bootlegger didn't play the game according to the rules. He had no moral right to imperil the affections and welfare of his dumb friends. The dog, even as the bootlegger, was made for freedom. He was designed and intended by nature for rambles afield, for the sure delight of a master who understands why a dog whines when he finds a rabbit track, for the investigation of those various affairs which so appeal to dogs, for leaping, and barking, and bounding, and eager-eyed adoration. These vested privileges of every decent dog were betrayed by the bootlegger, who did not follow the course of his own conscience as straightly as dogs do. The dog was unwise to grieve—but the dog was a dog, and so no more of that.

It is incomprehensible that dogs should like us as they do. Even those who contend that dogs reason are baffled by the singular unreason of their affections. They are far more loyal than most of us, so loyal that they never question a motive. They are infinitely more forgiving. Their courage is the courage of the brave at heart. Their innocence is that of childhood. They will yield up their lives for a friend, and that is held to be the test of a rather high quality of human devotion. The bootlegger, when he is out of jail, will do well to remember his dog.



IF YOU HAVE LOVED ALL THESE

IF YOU have loved the scent of fern at seven,
The many voices of streams in praise and laughter,
The tall firs drowsing when it's noon in heaven,
And the white, whispering nights that follow after;
The sweet breeze on your cheek, the cool, enchanted
Shadows that sleep beneath the minstrel trees,
The bright falls by the silver salmon haunted . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved all these.

For here they freed the flame. Ah, never after
In all our years shall the clean breeze be blowing,
Nor any stream have heart enough for laughter,
Nor any glade have faith enough for growing.
Here fern and frond are slain, the charmed low sighing
Of the plumed pines whose beauty was a spell;
Here beauty's self in that red lust lay dying . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved her well.

When morning came the mountain quail were whirring,
Here sprang the grouse in sudden, thunderous winging,
And here at twilight the gray deer were stirring,
And in the long ago a thrush was singing.
There danced the moth and there the trout were gleaming,
When these gaunt wraiths around us once were trees,
And here of old was heart's desire and dreaming . . .
Be desolate—if you have loved all these.

If you have loved a forest—hill and hollow—
The many voices of streams in mirth and shouting,
The friendly cedars where no care could follow,
A green crest circled by a dark hawk scouting;
The purple silences, the cool, enchanted
Shadows that held you in their ancient spell,
The bright pool by the questing valiant haunted . . .
Be merciful—if you have loved them well.



CRICKETS AS WEATHER PROPHETS

IN CONNECTICUT the farmers pay close attention to the chirping of crickets, firmly believing that the dapper blackamoors are able forecasters of the weather. When the evening song of the cricket wanes they are apprehensive of frost, and when it ceases

they know that it will be prudent to spread blankets over the late tomatoes. On those nights when the crickets are none too blithe the Connecticut farmer sits up late, and listens intently, for he is well aware that if the chirping continues until 10 o'clock he need fear no frost. Of course, should they cease to sing, there is really nothing to be done about it, but always there is the satisfaction of knowing what the weather will be.

One astute observer has even devised a system whereby he professes to be able to forecast the temperature within a few degrees. It is based upon the number of chirps the chilled cricket gives forth in a minute, for as the falling temperature cools his merriment his singing becomes more intermittent. Smile not, for crickets are peculiarly susceptible to weather changes. They are happiest those warm autumnal nights when the spirit of Indian summer pervades the land and the dog's bark sounds drowsy. Then they fiddle away till the dusk is filled with their tune, and a certain enchantment steals over the listener, and he is soothed to contentment and does not dream of far places. But at a touch of frost, or a hint—

The blackamoor limbs that were so nimble at noon, that danced before the bright ophidian eye, that mocked the hoptoad, are stricken with palsy and incertitude. Winter has chilled him to the core. So it may well be that the rural sages, marking this indisposition, have turned the frailty of the cricket to their advantage—and read the weather from it. It would seem, on the whole, less fallible than many other weather signs.

Old wives used to foretell storm from the soot on the kettle. If the soot caught fire and burned, as it sometimes did, shutting redly, they said that rain was certain. What actual correlation there was between the small phenomenon and the sometimes subsequent storm was not shown. But the belief in this sign was widespread and sincere. Also they were confident, those grannies of ours, that milk soured before a thunder storm and so foretold the storm itself. A year or so ago scientists blithely undertook to riddle this ancient prognostication, but with small success. They merely proved that weather conditions favorable to thunder storms were also

favorable to the rapid multiplication of the bacteria which turn milk sour. The laugh was with the old wives, and not on them. The cricket seems even more trustworthy as a weather prophet.

But somehow one recoils from this utilitarian employment of the cricket. It seems taking an advantage of his adversity to read the weather by his plaintive distress. So many chirps for frost, poor fellow—slower and ever slower—until the chirps cease. The very spirit of autumn is muted, and the dead leaves drift above the chip where hides the violinist who made the chipmunk dance.



CROWS AT SUNRISE

OCTOBER has washed the air until it is transparent as crystal. At dawn the Cascades stand darkly against the sky, in perfect silhouette, though the peaks are far and far away. No alien dust, no lingering trace of smoke, troubles the clearness of this visibility. And dark against the dawn the crows are flapping, for it is the time of their council—the restless, fretful, wise and wary crows of October, with every man's hand against them and a high confidence in their own discretion. Of what do they speak, there in the oaks?

Very queer it is that October, with her garland of bright leaves, her bath of sunshine, should have a mood both gay and grave. This the crows know and understand as well as we, and it is of this that they talk, the black vagabonds—while the cottonwoods are smitten to silver by the early light, and the fog spirals twist above the broad river. For while their cawing is at times happy and even jovial, one catches now and then a poignant, grieving note, the threnody of summer. The crows know.

When the sun strikes that fellow, as he turns to avoid us, he is of black opal, blazing with strange fire. Each feather refracts the warm rays from its glossy surface, and we perceive that the jack-anapes of the fields is beautiful in his way, which is nature's way. A thief by choice, a vagrant by instinct, he is as much a part of

the spell of October as is the vine-maple, that tree in death as warm and colorful as wine. Moreover, he has the good sense to be sorry summer is gone, and that for a season there will be no young corn blithely aspiring.

Other birds fling themselves joyfully into the tide of migration along the blue air-lanes, with never a vain regret for the lands they leave. But the crow—well, the crow is somewhat like us. He comprehends the tragedy of October.



WISHING FOR RAIN

THERE is a fisherman by the Columbia river who holds as his own a certain spacious eddy, 200 yards and more in extent, where the green current retraces its stride as though seeking to return. At the head of the eddy he has stretched his net, in a giant semi-circle, its outer extremity marked by a bobbing coal-oil can, and from the meshes he takes daily toll. He can prove to you, by the fish he captures, that fall is here and that presently the great river will be heavy with the wash of rains and winter will descend from the mountains. Silversides and steelhead and tule, he tumbles them into his boat, with now and then some callow sturgeon seeking the Snake and the place of its birth. These are the river migrants of autumn, summoned from the sea to replenish the streams.

Clad in silver mail the silverside and the steelhead are much alike, yet the one is of the salmon clan and the other is a mighty trout. It is very easy to distinguish between them, the fisherman declares, for the tail of the trout is square and the tail of the salmon is forked. Unless he is greatly mistaken, winter will come early, for, though there is spawn to be found in the steelhead, the eggs she carries are no more than two thin red strips. She will not be a mother for long months to come. The fish are quite fat. The ocean has been kind to them.

The surface of the eddy, a very dignified and deliberate eddy,

is continually broken by leaping fish gleaming like trout. If they were trout an angler might stand here on the fisherman's front porch, with the water lapping at the heavy logs of his raft, and catch them on a fly. He has a smile for that. It seems those fish are merely chubs, the vulgarians of the river, the avid camp followers of the lordly salmon. Whither the salmon goes there they will follow, to cluster hungrily behind the parent fish, to raid the eggs, and to perform casual prodigies of daring. He has lifted a huge buck tule salmon from the net. The fish is worthless, he says.

The eye of the steelhead is liquid and sane, very conscious and alert. The eye of the venerable Chinook is opaque and glassy, yet threatening. A month or so ago this fish was bright with the sheen of the sea, and his head was rounded and finely modeled—now his broad flanks are drab and blotched with an angry flush, eaten by pallid fungus that soon or late would have claimed his life, and his gaunt countenance is terrible. The contour of his head has altered, as though it were plastic, the snout has become elongated and fierce, and is terminated by a predatory hook, while the wide jaws display long and needle-pointed teeth. This tule, then was ready for the bridal. Woe betide the luckless chub, the swaggering trout, that thought to raid his nest and came within snapping distance of those fangs.

A rain, declares the fisherman, a good rain, is what the river needs. These fish are no more than the skirmishers of the advance, the vanguard. If it will only rain until the river rises and the scent of that storm, the taste of the land, is swept down to open sea, the steelhead and silverside will come driving in by uncounted thousands. Where he takes one fish now, he will take ten. He plans to buy a new boat if the run is heavy and the market holds.

See those rocks over there? Broken fragments rising from the river, brown and scattered, with the full sweep of the channel divided by their stubborn thrust. Once the fisherman saw a seal draw its sleekness from the current and rest upon the rocks—a hundred miles from the sea.

SMOKING OF PIPES

SECRETARY WEEKS, who for thirty years has experimented with various brands of cigars, is reported to have turned to the pipe. For the time being, his friends say, the secretary is disconsolate and only by the exercise of an iron will restrains himself from casting that pipe away and returning to his first love. But they have told him that when he has wooed his pipe, until the bowl is thickly crusted with charred tobacco, he will be well content with the exchange. So the secretary, scratching many matches, is comporting himself as befits the master of the portfolio of war.

Mr. Weeks listened to good advice. Of the several devices for the use of tobacco none is, to the discriminating smoker, quite so consoling as the pipe. Reflection waits upon it and good humor resides in its fumes. It is contemplative and philosophical, and while the smoker who cuddles it is not always an even-tempered philosopher he is more apt to be than other men. He esteems his pipe as his confidant, and takes his problems to it, and seldom does it fail him. Of course, these observations are not intended as a brief for smoking, but merely as a discourse for smokers who will smoke, come what may.

Sir Walter Raleigh was drenched with water by a zealous servant who believed that he had taken fire, when she came upon him and his pipe. It is not recorded that Sir Walter flew into a temper and stomped and thundered about, and from this negative circumstance one may reasonably conclude that Sir Walter was in his most philosophical mood, induced by a friendly pipe. Beyond question the pipe has stood many a man, closely pressed, in good stead. Why, when the knights leveled their lances and came romping down on the Connecticut Yankee, what did that worthy do save kindle his corncob and blow a great plume of smoke through the bars of his visor? Amazed by this singular spectacle they pulled rein to the last man and declared themselves his captives.

Pipes are very individual, which fact has evoked remarks not always complimentary or placable. To the smoker, however, his kinship with his favorite pipe is an actual bond, and it follows that

he lavishes upon the blackened briar no small amount of human affection. As a well-balanced blade to the swordsman, as his own pet rifle to the hunter, as a lad's love, so is the pipe to its devotee. When Secretary Weeks attains this inner sanctuary of pipe dreams he will cease to fret about his lost cigars.



JACKIE COOGAN'S JEWELS

BOLD, bad men, in active pursuit of their criminal calling, broke into the residence of little Jackie Coogan while the juvenile picture star was motoring and made off with jewels to the value of \$10,000. They were not the blue-jowled burglars of film-land, who take tea afterward, but sure-enough thugs, who would just as soon out with a pistol and pop at you as not. The story says that they took Jackie's diamonds and his pearls and a ruby or two and were away with the precious junk before his father strode up to the front door—which, indeed, was fortunate for all concerned. But we refuse to discuss burglars. It is far more interesting to speculate on the jewels of Jackie Coogan.

Mountains come wallowing up from the sea. Rains carve their sides and they crumble again to the ocean. Where there was no land a million years ago, but only waves playing at tag, there is land now, and noisy cities. And where there were noisy cities and broad lands there is deep green water now, and waves ceaselessly tossing. Boys only are changeless. And nowhere have we read that boys are partial to diamonds, and nowhere have we observed it. Give a boy a diamond, without conception of the false values we have fixed, and he might play with it for an hour, amused to witness its splendid refractions of the sun. At the end of the hour he would trade it for a pint of strawberry soda. Thus do boys demonstrate their wisdom, which passes the wisdom of the elders.

The jewels of boyhood are lowly in their beauty, the beauty and wonder of common things. Agates from the river bed, sea-dollars,

a parti-colored butterfly wing, 300 yards of the stoutest kite cord, a knife with a screwdriver, a beetle whose bronze and green shame the scarabs of Egypt, the feather that a heron let fall in flight. The jewels of boyhood include the sparkle and shine of dew, caught in an intricate cobweb, and of which no boy will speak; the green spider of orange stripes who dwells in the heart of a thistle, and a stranded shell.

Of course there are many, many more. But nowhere in the catalogue do we discover mention of those splendid trifles with which kings garnish their crowns, for which black men sweat in the mines and for which white men die. This is clearly a canard that has been loosed at the juvenile reputation of Master Coogan. They were no jewels of his choosing.



TRAILS OF AUGUST

SOMEONE who writes for an eastern paper, and who by preference would be otherwise engaged, wistfully observes that August is the time for walks along the sea beaches and the salt marshes. There is a conjurer who hides himself in words, the crafty fellow. The wind across the dunes is flavorful and tonic, and at the line of sea and sky smoke dwindles. Gulls dip into the surf and rise and wheel and plunge again. A cormorant passes, slogging heavily along, now obscured by a rising wave, a crested wave and fringed, its body lucent as an emerald. The bird emerges, black against the green water. Here is a curious thing cast up by the sea—a thing that once knew life and the affairs of its kind, fathoms down on the ocean floor. August is the time for walks along the sea.

August is a good month for walking anywhere, where there is breeze or shadow. In this month the season is at the full blossom of its maturity, vivid and personable, and without hint of that dis-

solution which must overtake it with September. The hill trails are cool and dappled and much frequented by juvenile grouse that have not yet learned fear of man, and all along the way are huckleberries. If you will pause to listen you shall hear a far-away chant, half laughter, half recitative, and that will be a creek in a hurry—a clear stream through tall and gloomy alders, a stream that invites thirst. People who hasten along the highway, where the firs and wild blackberry are drab with dust, are but a step from the cathedral quiet of the hills.

We walk too little. The walker is first of all a free man. He has shaken off the shackles of place and has at the same time refused to accept the harness of impatient speed. He is in no imperative mood that drives and urges and bids him not delay. Time is his to squander and an hour or so are great wealth. With this full purse he buys much that can never be purchased by the migrant motorist, and at the end of a day's walk he knows far more of the country, of its pleasant secrets, its charming character, than may ever be learned from the perusal of guideboards, seen blurringly. As our eastern friend remarked, through the medium of his typewriter, August is the time for walks.



MARCO POLOS OF THE WIND

FROM the south comes a call to the birds, unheard by mortal ears yet insistent as a trumpet, ringing away and away to the north where the snow geese feed by shores uncharted. The avian migration is begun, that giant sky trek which amazes us and baffles our comprehension, since as surely as a freed arrow this small traveler, or that, will find unerringly a winter home in the Argentine or a glade by the tropic canal. But there are other migrants abroad, stirred by a kindred impulse of unrest and fully as brave to meet it. They have no wings, yet they fly, the wind as their motor, and

the substance of their own frail bodies the mechanism which bears them.

If you look across the grass at morning, the gray-brown grass of the spent summer, the thousand silver cords will catch the sunrise and toss it back to dazzle you—in changing pearl and opal and ruddy fire. And the cords are so finely drawn, so slender and almost impalpable, that they mock the eye and vanish and reappear and twinkle and are extinguished. Hosts of skilled hobgoblins spun them, ugly little artisans no larger than the head of a pin or of no greater girth than a millet seed—the infant spiders that but yesterday emerged from the egg—not to catch gnats, not to make any endeavor for food, but to test the infallible instinct of their kind, who have always been weaver folk. The grass alone? Ho, the very air is filled with them, drifting, dancing away down the wind.

Cords of silk, of sheerest silk—for the stuff is silk, and of the finest—so light that thistledown is leaden by contrast, each straightened by the autumn breeze and bound away for adventure; and at the end of each, swaying happily and without fear, the cook and crew and captain of that singular craft—a lonely valiant baby spider. Unlike the birds, the spider migrants have no thought to seek the south. Their cruise is whither the wind listeth, and midway of the great river you would find them, or caught in some gusty vortex of the hills, serenely confident that in the good time of providence each captain will make port and find a hostel for the winter and so await the sunny end of March. The birds, you say, are brave. But what of these?

A long and undulant cord of pliant nacre has touched the bough of the vine maple. He hoists himself like a true sailor, and the spinnerets coil that which they uncoiled, up and up, until our juvenile hobgoblin has caught the roughness of the bark and is no longer seen. We speak of flying from coast to coast, or from border to border, but there, if you please, is moored a mariner of the air who came from the hill that is blue and vague in the distance—full thirty thousand miles away, so to speak. Moored and snug and competent, no larger than a millet seed.

CONQUEST OF FEAR

COMMENTING on the pleasing fact that fear may be thrust aside by kindness, an eastern newspaper narrates the incident of the taming of a golden flicker, a yellow-hammer, that handsome woodpecker who is equally at home on the ground, in the air, or clutching a weathered fence post. This particular flicker, it seems, learned to come and tap upon the window for food, and was wholly without alarm in the presence of his human benefactors. The truth is that nearly all, if not all, wild animals and birds were taught the fear of man—and that their wariness of him is not instinctive.

There was once a boy who found the nest of a cedar waxwing, the pert little mother bird brooding over her eggs. Now the cedar waxwing is a fugitive bird and shy, yet this one readily accepted wild red raspberries from his fingers and submitted to gentle stroking. And we have heard of a flicker, blizzard beset, who took refuge in a woodshed and was asked to make himself at home in the kitchen, and did so for three cruel March days. His diet was a problem, but at length it was found that he would drive that capable bill of his into a cold boiled potato and eat with relish the cone his cylindrical tongue drew forth. What conquered fear in these two birds?

Not long ago an angler by a lake perceived a common garter snake crossing the water. This snake had never heard of the curse of Adam, or was a bold and reckless fellow, for he came to shore at the feet of three fishermen, and there he spent an hour or more, prying inquisitively about, attempting to rob them of their catch, and accepting the minnows they threw to him. It was rather rough on the minnows, but the snake was a grateful guest, most appreciative, smacking his cold reptilian maw over the morsels. Presently he swam away across the lake, on business of his own, but within a half hour he was sighted again, and with unerring seamanship he set his course for the anglers and landed among them. Was the snake a sort of innocent, a moron, or was he somehow aware that he had nothing to fear from three placid fishermen?

People who keep chickens have often observed that from the season's hatch some pullet, or cockerel, or even two or three individuals, will demonstrate a capacity for friendship with folks, and be without fear. A noted newspaper columnist asserts that his small girl overcame the shyness of a rock lizard and induced it to accept food and to come when she called to it before its hiding place. How long ago was it that lizards learned to shun the tribe of men, and why?

One theory would have it that animals and birds, like persons, differ materially in character, and that certain characters among them are less nervous, less fugitive, more readily adaptable to friendship. This theory is good enough in its way, but it does not refute the equally acceptable theory that the way to banish fear is to cease to give cause for it.



GAMES THEY USED TO PLAY

WHERE are the games of yesteryear, the games that children used to play? Are they hidden away in lavender, deep in a chest that has not creaked its hinges this long, long time? Has the flutter of pantomime heroes upon a white screen supplanted them, those old songs, those old pranks, those immemorial pastimes? At twilight the children gather down the street, just as they used to, but strain an ear through the twilight, as hard as ever you may, and you shall not hear the thrilled and buoyant shout of "Run, sheep, run!" or the swift excitement of that shrill cry to the quarry, "Gray wolf! Gray wolf!"

On an evening much too long for comfort, on an evening spangled with young stars, with the breeze crouched down to sleep, seven little girls were singing all in a circle. As they sang, in that sweet treble of their time, they swayed and curtsied round an eighth—who tossed her head to hide embarrassment, who was

now suffused with blushes, now radiant with her thought. And this was the song they sang, these the words that floated up to the front porch and whispered through the roses and were away into the twilight:

Water, water, wine-flower,
Growing up so high!
We are all young ladies
And soon we hope to die!

Truly a wish that the merry timbre of these same words belied. For therein was naught of gloom, but gladness of life, as when a flower unfolds, a water, water wine-flower, growing up so high. But it appears that there is one exception to the calamity which must overtake these light-hearted young ladies, for the eighth girl has clasped her hands and looks closely at her scuffed shoes, dusty with the road. The song goes liltingly on, and these are the words of the song:

All excepting Beatrice—
She's the fairest flower;
Fair flower, fair flower she—
Turn around and tell his name!

Ah, Beatrice, that time shall come when you will not be so confiding, nor whisper such a secret to your dearest friend. For whispering it you are, and your shamed head is buried in the curls of your confidante, and she as blithe as Eve is leading the inevitable revelation. So it is with the world, Beatrice, it will tell to the neighbors, though not always in song, the secrets you confide to another ear than your own—as they are telling your secret now:

Master Billy is a nice young man,
Comes to the door with his hat in his hand;
Down comes she all dressed in silk—
Rose on her bosom as white as milk!

Sentimental? Granted. All children were sentimental then, and perhaps they are sentimental today, though nobody seems to know. They played quite frankly and without shame at kissing games, at postoffice and at forfeits. They sang a song of London bridge, which, it appeared—the bridge—had been cheated by the contractors and was falling down, falling down, my fair lady. And a madcap melody about a blackbird, though what the deuce the game was we seem quite to have forgotten.

Here goes a blackbird through the window,
Through the window, through the window,
Here goes a blackbird through the window—
The rancy, tancy, tee!

In the gathering dusk, what time the town was hushed and well content with supper, someone raised the hue and cry of "Run, sheep, run!" or "Gray wolf!" and there was the rush and patter of feet, and laughter and shrill alarm, and a brooding quiet shattered again by the shout. Run sheep, and merrily, before the gray wolf of days to come shall overtake you, and hold you captive, and cause you to forget that there is nothing quite so imperative as play, and nothing quite so illusory as a clock with its pacing hands.

They were playing at "statues." Now when you play at this game you are cast by a freckled fate, who spins you round and round before the handclasp breaks, to fall however you may. And in that posture, just as earth received you, tragic or grotesque, inert or tensely crouched, there you must pose until the last judge determines which one of you is worthy of award. The little lass with the curls, she has ever a gift for the game. For she falls lightly as any thistledown, the minx, and it is rudely protested that her poses are more artistic than accidental—as she poises there, like some enthralling fragment from a Grecian frieze. Nay, her countenance and her grace are much too holy to be undesigned—for there is one who is twisted like a contortionist, a madcap grimace fixed upon his face, and here another whose terror is but half feigned,

so shrewd was the toss. Little girl with the curls, had the stork but waited you would have tossed those curls in the movies, for it appears that you were brought to this stage before your time.

The lamps are lighted at the corner, and burn dimly in their contest against night. The gray wolf runs no more. Parental voices call, now kindly, now urgently, again with loud impatience, summoning home the players—trooping reluctantly down the street. London bridge has fallen down, never to be crossed again.



TOAD IN THE GARDEN

NONE may say where he spends the long sun-filled hours—for the reason that none knows. He is the toad in the garden, and twilight is his hour. Perhaps, if you were to part at noon the tangle of berry vines, now light as young grass, now dark as emerald, you would descry his retreat in the cool and pleasant mold where the spiny shafts run to soil. Or if, as slim as a ferret, you might slip between the palings of the porch you were likely to find him blinking in his form of clay, the most comfortable fellow for miles around. But it is only when the ruddy globe of the sun slowly sinks beyond the hills that he hops abroad.

He that was vocal and musical enough in March, when the ponds were swollen with rains, is silent and reserved in August—a meditative amphibian given to lonely rambles. The quack-grass stirs at the garden edge, there is the faintest rustle of stalk against stalk, a mouse-like sound which stirs the cat to glare. And into the half light enters Warts himself, now striding with long, ungainly reaches of his stubby webs, now hopping with the port and dignity of paunch—a figure as weird and impossible, in miniature, as any that ever strode or floundered from the ancient ooze to haunt the marge of lakes. Fearsome is his mission, for he purposes to dine by the way, but to a casual eye there is nothing of terror in his aspect. He is the toad of the garden, whose gravity is ludicrous.

Puss is no longer interested. What are toads when there are field mice afoot? Curiously the vivid eyes mark his slow progress down the lane of beets, then turn with keener light, and boding, toward a sound too far and finely pitched for all save puss. The cat melts into dusk as one of dusk's own shadows, soft-footed, silent, and is gone. Somewhere past the corn there is hunting. Grief will come to the scamperers who venture to forage in this province. Our amphibian is motionless now, a clod against the darker soil—a clod that presently quivers and stretches slow limbs to the careful business of stalking. Too instant and indistinct for the eye to catch was that flicker of tongue, but in its sufficient brevity it was kismet to some wandering moth or prowling beetle. A rough morsel that must have been, for Warts has reared from his squatting posture and cuffs and rubs one fingered palm against his most capacious mouth. Ah, it is down—the hunt begins again.

The toad in the garden, though no adage proclaims the truth, brings luck to the gardener. No tiger in his hunt for game, no lion roaring over his kill by the drinking pond, is more remorseless and insatiable than is this complacent philosopher in his quest for worm and bug, and slug and waking larva. He is the nemesis of every form of harmful insect, and at the harvest there is ever a heavier, more plenteous yield because he claimed the vicinage as his hunting ground. Some have said that in the forehead of certain toads there is hidden a jewel as precious and magical as the philosopher's stone. Others have held that to touch the chill and pebbled coat of him is to court a plague of warts. The one is a myth, the other a downright defamation of the portly sportsman, who, not less than Nimrod, is a mighty hunter in the sight of the Lord. Dusk is heavy over the garden, there is the faintest rustles from the darkness. Warts is on patrol.



HE HAD BEEN WITH AUGUST

THERE could be no question of it. Somewhere the fortunate fellow had found a maker of miracles, and had begged or bought one for himself. Somewhere, we repeat, he had chanced upon his huckster of happiness and made a dicker with Merlin. For the support of this conclusion there was visual evidence—he was tawny, broad-shouldered, erect as a grenadier, his eyes were clear and unhunted, his stride a buoyancy. He expressed the whimsical desire to engage in combat with wildcats. Yet his friends remembered him as a man of scanty spirit, somewhat overborne by the shadow of defeat, somewhat stooped and pathetic, and altogether lustreless. He had seemed to await with apathy the coup de grace of a final misfortune.

"Where," they asked of him with amaze, "where have you been?"

And he told them that he had been far afield with August, and that they two together had met with divers gay adventures and never an untoward happening, and that at parting August and he had stood upon the forehead of a hill and looked therefrom at life and found it good. Merlin? He wanted to know who Merlin was. Perchance he had joined with sundry necromancers at the Sabbat? They were pleased to jest, he said, for he had merely been away with August and such was the case.

In point of fact, the fortunate fellow had consorted with sorcery, albeit he denied the accusation—the sorcery of unrebuked sunshine, of wanton winds, of atmosphere that had not been sullied by cities—since some of it came from the ranges, where snow is that no living man saw fall, and some of it from the blue spaces of salt water, where only the mollyhawks wheel above the waste. Now we hold it to be truth, and unassailable, that an elixir distilled from the heart of a toad that slept in living rock, or a phial of the dew that waters the flowers of Hesperides, could not possibly possess such potency. The man had been with August.

With the force of unprecedented discovery he had found that legs were meant for something better than the tucking thereof

beneath a desk, for purposes vastly superior to ideal locomotion. Of this he gravely assured the gang. Legs, he apprehended for the first time, might with profit to their wearer be used for swimming. You had but to kick out with them, frog-wise, and to rotate the hands in unison, to ascertain that deep water was not an alien element and that much disport might be found therein. Legs were an excellent device for the surmounting of cliffs and promontories whence the world stretched away beneath you, as though you were the lord of a great province. Legs would carry you down a lane that presently became a pathway, and thereafter a dim trail, and then no more than an intimation that game had passed to water—and the water itself was as chaste as Diana, and as turbulent as the huntress in full pursuit. It must be admitted that his audience dwindled. Clearly he had not made a dicker with Merlin, he had but been away with August.

With August of the amber eyes, whose waysides are set with goldenrod, and whose retreats are now deep within the immemorial forest, now hidden on the crest of a range, now by some gaunt rock of the sea. But since time began the truth is that there has been no sorceress to vie with her, in all the annals of white magic—which, as everyone knows, is thrice as magical as the black art, when given leave to weave a spell.



"IT WAS MINE—IT IS NOT I"

THIS breaking of the immemorial slumber of an Egyptian monarch has caused some to say that the act is one of sacrilege, and that the gentlemen who delve there are little better than licensed ghouls. Nevertheless, it must be apparent to reason that the last long sleep of Tut-Ankh-Amen has not been disturbed. The mummy they have found in its golden coffin has not known its royal master these multiplied centuries. The thing they have exclaimed over, with its jewels and its sacred symbols, is not Tut-Ankh-Amen

—and by logic it might be proved that it never was. Its inhabitant was the boy prince of the upper and lower Nile, and its inhabitant is departed. There is no sacrilege, no profanation, in bringing his mummy to light, after the darkness of three thousand entombed years. Let us consider the matter.

In Egypt as it was when the pharaohs ruled—and splendid was their sovereignty—the practice of embalming had in view the future tenantry of the body by the soul that had flown. Thus it was thought that the spirit, lonely at times for its earthly tenement, would wish to return to its clay, and hence the clay itself must be safeguarded against destruction. In its departure and its return the soul was as a bird. The soundness and the poetic beauty of this symbolism are as apparent now as then. For how the spirit must rejoice to be free, to have won past the barriers of pain—and there is nothing in our dull human experience so fraught with freedom as the flight of a bird. Nevertheless, the concept was not logical in its whole, for preliminary to embalming the body they removed therefrom the vital organs, and placed these in urns of precious metals. And they sealed the leathern flesh in triple caskets. Manifestly the spirit would profit little by returning to this fettered relic of its earthly experience. Now in this, it is plain enough, the Egyptians were illogical.

Yet not more illogical than those of us who protest, out of distaste for the violation of an elder tradition, against the opening of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb. Science violates no trust and profanes no mortal memory. The memory of Tut-Ankh-Amen was lost to men, and all his lines were dead as he, and almost equally forgotten, when the seekers found this unsuspected burial cavern in the valley of the kings. Those memorials we rear above our dead are tributes not to the tenement we inter, but to the dweller who once lived and moved therein, and who laughed and sorrowed with us, as one of us, as kinsman, friend, or leader. When the corrosive years have crumbled both memory and monument, and there is none to recall the record of the dead, surely it matters little what disposal is made of the sad relics of mortality. For they are dust in process of return to dust, and both memory and personality are as birds that

have flown. Three thousand years of darkness have no meaning to the inert tenant of the burial place, nor has the surprising sunshine that falls upon his opened tomb. Happily, all that matters is elsewhere. If it were otherwise, then the fact of death would be far darker than it is.

It has been said, in speculation, that we ourselves must look forward with repugnance and wrath to a time when another people in another age may open the tombs of our great dead and do with these as we have done with Tut-Ankh-Amen. Why should this be? For if the trace of memory lingers, either in the minds of men, or on an undimmed page of history, this will not befall. If both memory and history are lost there will be none to protest, and it may be that the revealed knowledge of our past shall serve the future by this means.

It is perhaps not imperative, but it is desirable, that the record of every period shall be in the hands of successive periods and peoples. This is knowledge. The sum of it is priceless. Since there is no profit to a vanished Egypt, nor any gain to the discarnate spirit of Egypt's youthful ruler in the continued repose of the royal mummy, why should the world of art, science and history forego the great advantage of knowledge of Tut-Ankh-Amen's time? The task is not approached in any mood of sacrilege or profanation.

We are grimly reminded by many of our own dreary burial places, overgrown with creepers and wild thorn, that the mutations of time account for both the sorrowed and the sorrowing. There are lands where burial plots are held in rental, and an inevitable delinquency ousts the ancient dead. Such facts are not agreeable to dwell on, yet they are facts, and when we speak of scientific inquiry as profanation we would do well to remember that, at long and at last, death and burial are casual matters. Corrosive time wears each scar to smoothness, and all is forgotten.

The Egyptians, as has been said, believed the spirit took the semblance of a bird, which winged its way to the paradise of their faith. We, too, or most of us, believe that the soul itself is incorruptible and that it does not, cannot, cease with the strange phe-

nomenon of death. We believe in its freedom, once the dark barriers of pain are passed. The tenement? We carve no granite to the memory of the body, though our memorials seem to have this purpose. It is the individual we remember and dwell on in our thoughts, the one who was lately with us—and the individual is elsewhere. There is truth and beauty and faith in this belief, where there is none in any gloomy contemplation of the grave.



"THIS IS MY FALCON"

THIS is my falcon. May he strike the swan,
The brant, the heron and the whistle-wing,
Free and unhooded in the maiden dawn,
Swift as a true shaft in the singing Spring.

This is my falcon. Wild and fierce and bold—
Yet to my hand he doth return again
For praise and pleasure, when upon the wold
Low lies the proud cock-pheasant of the glen.

This is my falcon. Merciful is he
Who stoops as swiftly, terrible and true—
A flashing death above the flowered lea,
A feathered shaft of surcease from the blue.

This is my falcon. Lo, when Fate shall frown
And close the book of bitter bonny days,
I pray the falcon Death may strike me down
After the fashion of my falcon's ways.

THE REFORMATION OF BURNSIDE

IN THE widening of Burnside street, west to Third, for the provision of an adequate approach to the new Burnside bridge, workmen are demolishing various ancient rookeries, and strewing the pavement with dust that has an odor of antiquity and of being too long in the vicinage of rough and reckless men. They slash through some tottering structure, these laborers of the new era, and its bare and tattered rooms are indecently exposed. There it was that sailors rested from drunkenness, or held carousal, and slouching men of the woods played greasy cards on a greasy table. Only the ghost of laughter walks where once the nickelodeons blared their tunes into the night. It is the summary and long-delayed reformation of Burnside street. It is the finish of the North End, of which that very street was once the heart.

The rickety structure of August Erickson's place lies in the path of the wreckers, but Erickson, the publican, is not there to mourn. In his day he ruled this frowsy province as a king in his capital, and he dispensed the largest 5-cent schooner over the longest bar in the world. There were marvels to be seen in Erickson's place, for a copper cent, for a nickel. Down went the plunger and on went the lights, and the peering lumberjack beheld the alleged favorites of the harem, and divers Rabelaisian episodes that were the coarse romance of his kind. There was drunkenness, and there were epic, bestial, bloody conflicts, man against man, men against men, and divers criminals prowled through the crowds—but no man went hungry at Erickson's place. This was a law of his, of Erickson the publican. He could understand hunger and pity it.

In an earlier day, before Volstead and social service frowned to some purpose on organized vice, the heart of the North End was a hectic heart and its pulsations were wickedly exhilarating. Its saloons were numerous and smelly, and its creed was a word and a blow. In fine, it was so elemental in its toughness that even the painted women did not venture there—save such as made appearance in the concert halls. An upper stratum of the social order filched the concert hall from such localities as the North End, and

called it, gilded and superior, the cabaret. In the concert halls of lower Burnside street, of a cold evening in winter, tired girls with daubed cheeks sang in shrill voices songs about mother and babies, and old homes, and lilacs in the lane.

One little blue shoe for you, dear,
One little blue shoe for me . . .

Sailors and loggers, and tatterdemalions from all the ports and places of the world, wept briefly as was the custom—and sought the saloons, if they were in funds, and drank and told rough tales, and joked and fought, and so contrived to make a night of it. And when they made a night of it, these fellows who were so proud of a stout fist and a sullen wit, the black maria rode clanging through the street. None but the most stalwart and gifted patrolmen ever walked those streets; bluecoats who loved battle and were blithe to give and take. For the heroes of the timbers, the lords of the forecandle, gauged the social success of an evening by the number of police required to subdue them. Stories of their prowess were the traditions of a fortnight, ere a newer, a bolder narrative succeeded. West of the river and east of Third, along Burnside street!

But there was silver, generous silver, to be had for the seeking along Burnside street. If the hearts of the populace were rough and elemental, they were warm as well. Pity walked on Burnside street, and her words were oaths, and her servants were masterless men, to whom money was something to be spent, to be given away, to be dissipated splendidly. To be broke on Burnside street was not necessarily to know want, nor to be closely questioned by one's benefactor. There was always Erickson the publican and there were always others. For never a man of them all but had, in his time, been both broke and hungry.

To believe that the heart of the North End, the frowsy, virile, careless vortex of all wanderers, was essentially abandoned and wicked is to believe that which was not true. Lower Burnside street was a province of men who toiled with their hands, and who rested there to spend the proceeds of their toil and to find a job again.

It was the strategic central location of the employment agencies, as it was the social center of the workers. The "slave market" it was termed by the radicals. What curious slaves! Men with hard, reckless eyes, great fists and muscular shoulders—lean men, tough men, competent men, such men as Masefield writes his poems about, or Conrad drew in his stories of the sea. When it takes ten policemen to shackle a single berserk, what a curious inversion of truth it is to call him a slave. A slave must know the significance of fear.

It is the reformation of Burnside street, and the end of an old era, this widening of the artery to meet the river bridge. The frontiers of North End are in process of retreat northward, behind and far beyond their social boundaries of the past, their geographical boundaries of the present. We build a new city on the bones of the city that used to be, and never again shall Portland know an Erickson the publican.



A BIRD NEST FROM ELSEWHERE

SOMEBODY has brought into the office a bird nest found in a bunch of bananas that came from somewhere in South America. It was nestled way down in the heart of the clustered fruit, and the clerks did not find it until along about noon. Then they gathered about the nest, and passed it from hand to hand, and poked curious, thoughtful fingers into its round weave of tropic grass and plunder.

In all seriousness the theory is here suggested, that it is a magic bird nest, or rather the magic nest of an enchanted bird. For it had this occult power—it made every last one of them wish to be away and away from the groceries, with salt wind in their faces, the funnels plumed with heavy smoke, and a green coast drawing ever nearer and nearer. It made them wish to be in South America. Possibly they would be disappointed with South America, where the

bananas came from, and where the bird fabricated this nest, but can't you see that only makes the magic stronger?

Truth to tell, this nest is not an evidence of avian pride of craft. It was constructed to hold eggs, and appears to have been hastily assembled, as though the need was near or the day sultry, or something, or any other excuse that would serve. Perhaps birds do say "ho-hum," in a way they have and that never yet has been translated. And a bird in the tropics, the sun like a shield from the forge, the air heavy with the scent of marshes and blooms too sweet, too luxuriously burdened with nectar, and no breeze, and a great insect whirring, whirring—why, a tropic bird might always be close to lazy weariness. A most reasonable conjecture. This bird, this careless craftsman, was of magnificent coloration, there can be no doubt of that. and it dropped aforetime into these woven grasses as lightly and brightly as flame.

It chose, the bird did, the flimsy shell-shaped cases of felted silk, beneath which certain spiders place their eggs, gluing the cases to the under parts of fallen trees for shelter against storm. These it used to adorn, if adornment was the purpose, the exterior of the nursery; and a bit of greenish moss that clung to a piling when the tide went down or the river fell, and a rounded little leaf, green as when it was plucked, with hirsute stem attached, and stuff like cotton to the feel; and all the spiders were red as the blood of a fallen hero, and the lake was dark as night in its setting of frond and fern and creeper, and there were moody Indians slashing here and there, amid the queerly reversed bunches of green solid fruit. And flashing forth from the jungle, a jewel with a thousand facets to the sultry sun, came the bird to its nest.

This nest—well, somebody ought to put it away and take care it is not often displayed. For it is an enchanted nest, and around about this time of year they do wrong who bring such a talisman into any office.

THE DRIFTERS

Reprinted from *Sunset Magazine*

ALWAYS dreamin', we was, mammy,
Of a place around the turn,
Where we'd build our house, and damme!
Light our fire and let it burn.
So we took the team and drifted
Down the roads of all the west;
And we camped and drove and shifted
To the callin' of the quest.
Here was water, there was timber,
Yonder lay an arid stretch,
Lackin' ditches to unlimber
All that clime and soil could fetch.
There was always somethin' lackin',
Till the canvas on our van,
From a year or two of trackin',
Was all tatter-strips and tan.
And the long, gray road it claimed us,
Showin' newer prospects still,
And we loved it, though it lamed us—
Giddap, Molly! Go 'long, Bill!

Always dreamin', we was, honey,
Of a little land alone,
Where we wouldn't need much money—
Just a place to call our own.
Ought to be some berries by it,
With a mallard swamp not far,
And a trout stream raisin' riot,
And no road to run a car.
In the woods that closed around it,
Why, we'd like to had some game—
Bear and deer, just like they found it
When the forty-niners came.

But we wanted corn and 'taters,
And we hoped for rain to match;
And we scorned them irrigators—
And we never strung our latch.
Well, the long, gray road it claimed us,
Weavin' up a stranger hill,
And we loved it, though it shamed us—
Giddap, Molly! Go 'long, Bill!



"Always dreamin', we was, Mammy—"

Always dreamin', we was, mammy,
Of a place around the bend,
Till we stopped and buried Sammy;
Lord, we'll suffer what You send!
Now it's lonely in the wagon
And the wheels is squeakin' wild;
They're boastin' and they're braggin',
That the road it took our child.
And the folks we meet, they pities—
You can see it in their eyes—
Or they hollers scornful ditties
At the drifters they despise.
And the roan is lean and ailin',
And the sorrel's got the heaves,
And I minds that way side railin'
In the tan madrona leaves.
For the long, gray road claimed Sammy—
And it claims the old folks still.
Say you never blamed me, mammy—
Giddap, Molly! Go 'long, Bill!



THE GREBE THAT FORGOT TO FEAR

IT IS, of course, the result of a canard of deepest dye that the distinguished and graceful western grebe should be vulgarly known as the "hell-diver." Surely this gleaming front of his, that shines across blue water like a targe of burnished silver, has never known descent to perdition. And that slim, stiletto head, so nervously alive and alert—how monstrous to infer that it has made obeisance to Eblis. Diver he is, in all truth, but the consummate perfection of his diving warrants a wiser and more fitting name than that he bears. "Hell-diver," forsooth!

All grebes are curious creatures, by habit and to the speculative eye. They are no less interested in the observer than the observer

is in them, and their seemingly random plunges beneath the river have often the purpose of bringing them nearer to the strange biped on the shore. A hundred yards down stream, a hundred up, and, abruptly, fifty yards nearer to the perilous and forbidden margin. Stare for stare the bird gives one, as it rides the current with the whorls and trceries of fluent water no more gracile than its own contours. The effortless ease of its diving, a half-arc, without a ripple to mark the place or the instant. Shy and fugitive, with that distinctive beauty which marks most water fowl, the western grebe is beyond doubt the finest of his family, as he is the largest.

Let us begin by assuming, as we have warrant, that men taught fear to the grebe. They harried and hunted him for the thick plumage of his breast, so closely thatched as to be resilient, so like the white-gray lustre of plate as to be much admired of milliners. The price on his sooty head, with its jowls of silver, was once a silver coin. And even the most stupid of animals becomes fugitive on learning that its death is desired, for reasons best known to a self-styled superior species. You, too, would learn discretion by the lesson of alarm if duck-shot sprayed in the water in your swimming pool, or rifle bullets whined past as you were boating. Yes, men taught fear to the western grebe, as they have taught fear to many another harmless bird, whose death could minister only to lust or vanity.

But we have in mind, as we write—with a smile we have him in mind—a western grebe who lives in that broad current between Lady island and the Oregon mainland, and who gleams there any sunny day like a sail at sea. This bird, so far as we know, is remarkable in that he has forgotten to be afraid. If there were a way to speak with him we should tell him always to remember. And the reason for his forgetting is that he has learned to trust a fisherman whose nets are spread in the grebe's favorite eddy. As for the fisherman the truce is merely matter-of-fact. Grebes are not good to eat, and that's an end of it. In twenty years on the river the fishermen never has heard of anyone dining on "hell-diver." They share the eddy together. It belonged to the grebe folks first, but no matter.

Along about sunrise the fisherman runs his nets and tumbles his catch into the skiff—huge male salmon, fanged as wolves, bright she-salmon, round with motherhood, and those preposterous primitives of ocean, the sturgeons. In his floating boat house he dresses the fish and casts the offal into the current, full thirty feet deep at his feet. And the western grebe draws near. He dives and reappears, he affects unconcern and dives again. But presently he is at the very edge of the planking, so near that the fisherman could reach out a hand and touch the sleek head—were he as quick as levin. He feeds there, does the western grebe, quite as contentedly as would a fat white duck that had strolled from the barnyard for breakfast. Almost he has forgotten how to be afraid. We trust that the fisherman never will disillusion him.

"That hell-diver," observes the fisherman, whetting a curved knife to resume the flensing of his fish, "it's kind of funny about him. He sticks around here all the time, he does."



CATS AND MOTHERHOOD

THERE is always a vein of wonderment running through, and vitalizing, those semi-occasional newspaper stories which tell of the cat as a foster mother. A cat has taken silver fox cubs to her breasts, and has lavished upon them that extravagance of maternal affection so characteristic of the mother cat in her happiness. Or, the story may tell how some old tabby has driven a scolding hen from a newly hatched brood, and has attempted by cajolery and caress to convince the chicks that she, and not the hen, is their beloved matron. Such tales as these are not uncommon in our newspapers, and the frequency with which they appear should long since have persuaded us—for there is no question of their authenticity—that these strange maternal demonstrations on the part of puss testify to a better character than ever we have given her.

While one would not say that the result must always be felicitous, it is true that tabby will often, when her own kittens are small and helpless, or when a cruel fate has claimed them, adopt the young of those antipathetic clans which normally are her prey. Infant rats and rabbits move her to an ecstasy of maternal delight and solicitude, nor does the most watchful eye detect an act of preference for her own children. That the fondlings are small and futile, requiring both sustenance and protection, is enough for the mother cat. She draws no line of difference, her tongue is as ready to lave one as another, and her pride in each is glowing and visible. And there are few mammalian mothers more susceptible to that sweet flattery which is expressed by the fondness of others for the little family. True, she glances at you, as you bend above her treasures, with an eye that urges you to gentleness, but the same glance is melting in its warmth of affection. As you stroke the infants her purr is deepened to a mellow snore, and the fond eyes close blissfully. It is her great moment.

Startling anomaly. Perplexing contradiction. Can this be William Blake's insatiate creature from the forests of the night? A foot-fall not heard in the stillness, a presence so dread that it is felt ere it is seen; unquenchable. The cat. She is all love and gentle manner now, and will be so unless danger draws near. And then, why, then the mastiff is not too huge to escape her furious valor; nor would a mastadon affright her. As a mother, brave and proud in her motherhood, the cat needs no tutoring. If it is a certain phase of madness that she manifests when she gives suckle to the helpless young of her own prey or her own enemy, we are nevertheless moved to admire and applaud it—for it is a tender madness and seems itself a spark from the dream of divinity.

There are critics of the cat who allege that puss is no better than a merciless mechanism for the creation of fear, and the infliction of pain and death. Since it treats of a cruel subject perhaps it is fitting that this opinion should be fully as cruel. For certainly it neglects to observe the cat, and passes judgment without trial. A cat deprived of her young sometimes breaks her own heart with grief and elects death rather than to endure deprivation. Does this argue

that the cat is selfish? You may twist it that way if you choose, but it is an admirable selfishness. It commands our pity and compels our respect. Poor puss.



A DIVERSITY OF FISHERMEN

NO OTHER avocation or pastime, we make bold to say, calls so compellingly to such a diversity of men as fishing. Few of the reasons are extraneous, since it is primarily true that men go fishing because they wish to. Fewer still are apparent, because it is evident that not every fishing trip is productive of fish, and that not every fisherman makes the catch he thought he would. No, it is characteristic of fishermen that they persevere in the glum face of disappointment, in the teeth of a raw wind, in the turmoil of storm, the torridity of mid-summer. There are no exceptions to this rule, because the individual who appears to constitute an exception is shown to be, on closer scrutiny, but a false fisherman and no true follower of that perennially hopeful and philosophic sport. He is without significance, and does not count.

In fishing is the soundest democracy this planet ever has seen. The astounding diversity of fishermen attests this. The influence of the angler's art sets aside as of little worth all claims of caste or pedigree, of wealth and pride. When a fisherman meets a fisherman those two are aware of an abiding brotherhood, of a pleasant mystery shared with one another, though the first angler be attired and equipped after the fashion of the expensive shops and the second angler be no better than a country lout in weathered blue denim, wielding the awkward tackle of the vicinage. They are learned in a knowledge that comes, gradually and pervasively, of intimacy with field and river, and morning mists and the cow-bell hush of a soft evening. And they hail one another as comrades should, and even their silences are vocal and instructive.

It is, indeed, an interesting study in human nature to observe

how quickly and with what instant forgetfulness of self and selfishness men descend from their high horses to speak of certain streams and certain fishes, of baits and lures and riffles and lurking places and shallows and windfalls. They are touched by a spell that is unfailing in its strength and candor and which brushes aside all artificiality as easily as a freshet clears the stream of impediments. The talk is brisk, animated, sincere, and the eyes are likewise. The demeanor of men of all races is identical when they speak of fishing.

There is an old fellow who fishes the Columbia at this time of year—an old fellow with a lingering trace of British accent in his speech. Like his distinguished countryman, whose memory is a blessing and whose cottage is a shrine, this mellow-whiskered old gentleman of the great river believes in fishing with a cork—that is to say, with a bobber to indicate the designs of clever, deceitful and thievish fish. He fishes for trout, for the big salmon trout of the autumn run, with a bobber; and probably there is not another like him in all the west country. But because his heart is simple, and his faith unfailing, and his art unexcelled of its kind, he catches fish where other men do not. They come to his very feet, in water scarce deep enough to afford a heron wading room, and regularly he hoists them to the shingle and gives them swift death with a clasp-knife, and puts them tenderly away in a torn gunnysack.

The river is good to him. Boy and man he has fished, and he must have great store of happy recollections in that tousled old pate. He has the very manner of the stream he fishes. He is placid, unruffled, certain. If you lack for bait he will share his bait with you, and if you lack for food he will share his snack. If you require talk he will talk for you, in the droning, dreamful garrulity of age; but if your need is silence the gray rocks are not less obtrusive or vocal. He suits his mood to your mood, as a genuine fisherman should, and he gives your opinions grave and respectful consideration, thereafter continuing the old ways, which seem best to him. In brief, he is a fine specimen of his kind.

A diversity of fishermen, yet all alike underneath; all conscious of deriving something from the pursuit of fish far more important than the finest trout that ever flirted a caudal fin; all thralls

to a common enchantment. Give you good-day, old fellow—you think you are catching trout. You believe, on your soul, that your catch is in the gunnysack. But it isn't; not all of it, anyway.



WHO WAS MARY HOMSLEY?

The following article resulted in the identification of Mary Homsley and in the finding of her only surviving child, Mrs. Leura Gibson of Portland, who had never known the last resting place of her mother. A monument, erected by the Wyoming State Historical society, now marks the spot—in tribute to Mary Homsley and to all pioneer mothers.

NEAR the present site of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and somewhat south of a shallow ford of the Platte, where the Oregon trail drove westward, there was held a funeral on a June day in 1852. Such wayside farewells were not uncommon to the times, for the hardships of the overland journey combined with natural ills to take toll of the emigrants. The trail itself had scarce a mile that to some of its travelers was not marked by deepest melancholy, by the grief that refuses to be comforted. No, there were deaths enough, and to spare, to have placed not one but several headstones along each mile of its course—but prudence counseled that these graves be unmarked, lest prowling Indians rob them for the garments of the dead. The emigrants scattered ashes and firebrands

over the raw soil and drove their oxen and the covered wagons across the spot—westward—and it was lost to all save memory. This grave near the ford, however, had for its monument a fragment of sandstone, and somebody knelt beside the rock to carve—

MARY E. HOMSLEY,
Died June 10, 1852. Age 29.

The oxen surged heavily against their yokes, the wheels complained, the ragged, dusty canvas tops lurched as the wagons swayed in the ruts, and the march toward Oregon was resumed. Dwindling away to westward, with the bleak hillside behind, and the river thrown sprawling across the plain. And, walking beside his oxen, with bowed head, the man who had lost heart for the trail, but who must go on. In Fort Laramie they do not know who Mary Homsley was—the pioneer woman who sleeps beside the old adventurous thoroughfare—but her name still is etched in the stone, and they design to erect a memorial to the spirit that urged her into the west, to die with the goal almost in sight. It is within the bounds of probability that somewhere, in either California or Oregon, there are those who yet remember her. The trail bent southward near Fort Hall, southward to California, but the greater number of its travelers went on to the Willamette valley. Who was Mary Homsley?

The year that she set out for Oregon witnessed the climax of emigration, the high tide of that purpose which peopled this state. It is estimated that not fewer than 13,000 settlers came to Oregon that season, mostly over the trail, and it would follow that many others, like Mary Homsley, were destined never to reach the dear new land of heart's desire. Their graves differed from hers only in that no stones marked the places where they fell asleep. By computations admittedly inexact, but approximating the fact, as many emigrants died along the trail, during the period of the covered wagon, as came to Oregon in the record year of 1852. What a store of dreams and ambitions they must have carried, all to be relinquished, to be laid aside. As Mary Homsley's were.

Yet that is only the individual aspect. In any great cause it is of little moment, the eventual achievement of the cause considered—of little moment, and yet of a significance so vast and wonderful that we feel a glow at the heart when we think of the Mary Homsleys of the Oregon Trail. As for the relinquished dreams, the ambitions that never shall bear flower or fruit, this loss is itself deceptive in the larger sense—for the dreams and ambitions of the cause come into bearing, and the attainment of collective objectives answers the mute question of the grave beside the Platte. Under providence nothing is lost, nothing wasted, not even dreams that end in dust.

Who was Mary Homsley? It does not greatly matter now. A Fort Laramie newspaper likens her grave to that of the unknown soldier, and the parallel is striking. She, too, fell in one of those indomitable advances of the race which widen the borders of thought and contentment. That her grave should be marked by a memorial tablet is but the natural tribute required of us. For such graves are symbols of our people and our traditions. Standing beside them we are poor in spirit if we do not feel pride of race and certainty of national destiny.



A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

SOMETHING came into town last night, from out where the stars are blinking in blue space. You could not see it, nor hear it, nor touch it with quick hands—for it is more gossamer than any cloud, more elusive than any star beam, and yet it has the strength of steel and the constancy of life. It is intangible yet actual, ephemeral yet enduring, and in it is the will of the tides, the purity of the wind, the patient vigor of that purpose which shaped the world and tossed it whirling into space. Something came into town.

Merry Christmas!

With what effect it whispers to us, so that each one, be he milk-

man or millionaire, finds true fraternity in his heart this morning, and issues from his domicile to cry a greeting to friend and stranger. There is mist in the purple valley. Bracken and conifer are heavy with dampness, nun-gray with the mist that cloaks them. Winter in the Oregon country, and the sun breaking through. A crow to westward, calling, and dolor in the call. Crow, it is your misfortune to be a bird this day. Black jackanapes, never to know Christmas! This singular sense of well being, this lightness, this light that breaks in upon us—and what may it mean, sir? Why, as to that, it means no more than this . . . it is good to rejoice, to be clean of purpose, to be again as children. And a great wave of sun-tipped laughter running round the planet.

Memory, come here; let us sit by the fire together. Was ever such candy as the striped sticks of yore? Was ever toy so marvelous as the cast-iron train with wheels that would not turn? Was ever book so thumbed in after years, so loved, so quoted of strange incident, as "The Swiss Family Robinson"? And, bless my soul, here is a popcorn ball, sticking a trifle . . . but, no matter. Deep down in the toe, beyond the last fugitive hazelnut, what might that be? It is huge, it is round, it is mysterious. An orange, as golden as the fruit of fair Hesperides! A veritable orange, smelling wondrously of the south. Can you equal that for Christmas?

Merry Christmas!

Yesterday an enmity was important. Nay, it controlled one. And yesterday there were great plans of commerce, which, if not pressed successfully to conclusion, must mar the closing year with black regrets. This is passing strange. How far away our yesterday has drifted overnight, how unimportant and unreal it seems, how reedlike the faint, piping voice of its requirements. Not a bad fellow at heart. Foolish to feed a grudge. As for the other, it must wait, since this is not the time to think of it. An ember falling to the hearth, a fat flame dancing upward . . . what cheerful clamor children make on Christmas day!

Essentially a day for children. No doubt of it. It is true they expect more than children used to expect, but still it is little enough. Cannot be children always, you know. Must laugh and be

merry while they may. Dollar or two more or less. In a few years, in a surprisingly short space of time, they will have grown up, and laughter will not come so readily to them, nor trifles have the sheen and beauty of treasures. Then they will wait for Christmas, look forward to it, hunger for it, for quite another reason. Indeed, they shall. For it shall bring their lost childhood back to them, out of the unrelenting years that yield to no other key. What is more precious than laughter—than laughter without a trace of tiredness in it, or of malice, or of worldly wisdom? Laughter that yields its full quota of happiness; that is naught else? Ah, that's a deep one! Fiddlesticks. Nothing is more precious than laughter. The laughter of children.

Day that He was born. There is an immaterial controversy about that. Matter of opinion, say some; matter of record, say others. Controversy. Forever bickering over immaterial matters, mere niceties of meticulous fact. Why, sir, that He was born is the fact that rises brightly above all others, up and up like the sun's self, driving away the quarrelsome creeds, drying the tears of the race, banishing all shadows—presaging a better day. And is this not the morning of His birth? What proof have you contrariwise? It is lovely enough, and kind enough, and generous enough, to be His own—since He was all this and more. We ask too many questions that are pointless and seek too many goals that are not worth the seeking. They have tangled us tightly in doctrine. But we are breaking loose . . . and these treasured teachings shall endure. Have no doubt of that.

Something came into town last night, from out where the stars are. It has made the city and the world far better to be in, far better to dwell in—it has made and is making. You could not escape it if you would. For it enters hearts and bides there. There is a nun-gray mist in the valley, but no mist is in the home. "Merry Christmas!" you say? Merry Christmas to you!



"RECLAIMED"

Reprinted from *Sunset Magazine*

UP SPRANG the mallard from the green and golden sedges,
The broider and the baldrick of a lone, lone land,
To wheel above his marshes—where the shy brood fledges—
When all the pretty plover folk were calling from the sand.
I would you could have seen him, with the sun-glint on his winging,
When morning smiled and woke the world a dozen years ago—
And set the redwing blackbird braves to singing, singing, singing
A silver stave of happiness in welcome to the dawn.

A breeze from over yonder walked among the lusty rushes,
The green and golden garments of a lone, lone lake,
Where cried the bittern sentinel in challenge to the hushes,
And little flecks of borrowed flame were on the muskrat's wake.
I would you could have known the breeze—the salt breath of its
wooing—
When every blade and every wave was dancing in the sun,
And all the marshland merriment was suing, suing, suing
To hold the lease on happiness in morning just begun.

Up sprang the mallard—as he springs no more and never . . .
They stole his chosen province in the lone, lone land;
The wheat is green and growing and the plowshares sever
The beaches where the plover folk were calling from the sand.
To gain a rood of barley soil they set the waters flowing,
By gashes in the ancient ooze, to streams that seek the sea;
And, O, I know the laughing lake was very loth at going—
As one who loves her ministry and asks not to be free.

A breeze from over yonder—and the tall wheat billows—
I'll grant that it's a comely place—a tame, tame shire;
Yet I have seen the wind at play among the sedge and willows,
And I have seen the mallard's throat against a cloud on fire.

I would you could have seen him with the sun-glint on his splendor,
Before they lured his lake away to gain a rood of land,
When morning's magic on the marsh was tender, tender, tender—
And all the pretty plover folk were calling from the sand.



“O THESE THINGS ALL—”

O THESE things all were dear to me:
A breeze, a brook, a budding tree,
A song, a sip, a silver tune,
A medley and the magic moon.

A venison pasty liked I, too,
The buckle of my lady's shoe,
An open glade, the wild goose wedge,
An arrow to the feather's edge.

And I was fond as any lout
Of cups and capons, heady stout,
Of snapping fires and snoring ease,
Of speckled trout and foreign cheese.

I joyed to make an arrow sing,
Defiance to my liege, the king,
And bring his roebuck to the crash,
With a cloth-yard of quivering ash.

O think ye not that Sherwood's glades
Have seen the last of Sherwood's blades—
Who loves to throw the dice with chance,
Who kindles at a merry glance,

Who holds these things as good to keep—
A woodland camp, a mountain steep,
A tavern when the storm roars by,
Is Robin's man as much as I.

WOODROW WILSON

DEATH is a wind that blows away the mist. We see, more clearly than ever before, the spiritual figure of the man who passes. He is removed from his own mistakes and from our misunderstanding, and naught prevents the casting up of his tally. Death is more than a truce—it is victory and peace.

Thus in what seems the final illness of Woodrow Wilson, about whose inflexible and dignified personality storms of controversy have raged, we perceive that a great countryman of ours may soon pass from life and its service, and we comprehend that to him there was ever a vital joy in service, a living zeal for his land. They may carve above him, when he sleeps, with the knowledge that they carve truly, "Here lies a patriot."

As all men are prone to error, so was he. As few men are persuaded of the infallibility of their reason, he was persuaded. This last it shall be said was both his strength and his weakness, but none shall every say that he invoked it unworthily and without the counsel of his own conscience. Aloof almost to austerity, he has seemed to many Americans, even to those who could not follow him, the reincarnation of some storied and valiant knight-at-arms, pledged to redeem a vow—unworldly, uncompromising, clean in thought and deed. When it is asked what Woodrow Wilson left his country as a heritage greater than deeds, the answer will not be far to seek. For the answer will endure.

In the common opinion of all, and wholly without an appraisal of the soundness of his judgment, he will have left this to America: A new concept of national conscience, a brighter shield of idealism. For is not idealism, if it be sound and serviceable, a veritable shield to the country so fortunate as to possess it? What harm of man's contriving can befall a great land that keeps its honor stainless? The ideals of Woodrow Wilson have left their indelible impress upon the thought and conduct of this land. They have permeated the hearts of this people. Here is no question of error, or of political expediency, or of our attitude toward the rest of the world, but the simple fact of our duty to live and serve

honorably, to refuse to demean ourselves. There can be no question of the truth that Woodrow Wilson will bequeath such an heritage to his country.

The burdens of this man were many. It is a terrible duty to make the decision for war, and an inexorable task successfully to prosecute the conflict. To such a one as President Wilson, by mind and training schooled to an antipathy toward the arbitrament of arms, the solemn duty thrust upon him must have weighed more heavily than for most. At a word the peaceful nation would desert its multiplicity of peaceful pursuits, commit itself finally to a long and bloody strife, and have no thought save war and the waging of war. The strong young men he passed in the streets, the laughing boys just out of college, must inevitably become the targets of the foe. There would be desolate homes and desolate hearts. When one is the president such thoughts as these must rend him. The war left its mark on Woodrow Wilson.

But war burnished the idealism of the president. Of a sudden, and yet by a most logical process, civilization beheld in him a spokesman and listened eagerly to his every word. To the world he was America, crying out against the impositions of autocracy, protesting against all future strife between the nations, planning and providing for the accomplishment of this purpose. The executive who would not make war on Mexico, who entered with manifest reluctance into the war with Germany, had literally striven in war as in the subsequent peace to make an end of war. The notion had never occurred, at least in a practical way, to any of the kings of Europe. It caught the fancy of the world and fanned this to a blaze. He arose to the zenith of his power.

It was characteristic of Woodrow Wilson, whose purposes were always lofty, and whose high vision was to himself so clearly described, that at this critical moment in his career he should thrust aside the well-intended advice of other American statesmen and endeavor by his own effort to bear the burden of Atlas. Nor was this conceit, since conceit was foreign to his nature, but a belief that all the world must see as he saw, since he was assured that he saw clearly. There could be no other truth than the truth

as he perceived it, no way but the shining thoroughfare he had glimpsed. And so defeat and censure came to him, and the multiplicity of his labors sapped his endurance, and he left the presidency a broken man—but secure in the faith and affection of his followers.

It has been said that history will hold a fair page for Woodrow Wilson, and that he will be forever known as one of America's greatest sons and most devoted servants. This is true beyond doubt, for the measure of his influence upon the present and future scarcely can be overestimated, though now we cannot weigh it. He will bequeath to the planet a new international morality, and his precepts of conduct between nations will serve as an unwritten code. War will violate that code, and so will secret diplomacy, but in the end there will be no wars—and that end shall have been expedited by the dreams he dreamed. He has been prophetic of the dawn.

One cannot escape the pathos of this life, so different from that of other statesmen, so zealously consecrated to the student's view of the major problems of its time, so cloistered in a solitude of thought, and yet so tragically human. No partisans will stand beside the grave of Woodrow Wilson, and none shall venture to assail the essential integrity of his record. These matters are with the past, and shall survive only in the impartial discussion of history. It shall suffice us to know that a very gallant and high-minded gentleman is taking his rest from the turmoils and disputes of earth, and that the nation mourns a patriot.

Editor's Note—The foregoing editorial on Woodrow Wilson was written a day or two prior to the late president's death February 3, 1924.



DIRECTIONS FOR A TRAVELER

Reprinted from the *New York Times*

THEN to the right. You cannot miss the turning:
The river folds a mountain in its arm,
And at this season there'll be brush fires burning,
And golden stubble stretching, farm on farm.

Trout rising. A grouse drumming. The low thunder
Of wagons on the bridge, and far away
The silver silence that is kin to wonder—
Where dreams the bay.

Now, this is something—to have known the savor
Of marshes when the misty sedge is dim;
The strange breath of them, and the pagan flavor
That clings to memory as a chanted hymn.
Yes, you will love my marshes. The swift sally
Of teal above the rushes, and the slow
Flight of the heron when the purple valley
Floods with the afterglow.

Gray house beyond the dunes. The clean beach shelving
To a green tide that whispers as it comes,
With black coots in the broken water delving,
And the deep resonance of ancient drums.
Knock once, lad. They are kindly folk and cheerful,
And there are braided rugs upon the floor—
Though years ago, I mind, her eyes were tearful—
Knock once, and swing the door.

There all the stars are nearer. There the treasures
That the sea brings are yours to ponder on;
There kelp-fish are, and the unreckoned pleasures
That I remember now . . . such as the dawn.
A gray house past the dunes. Lad, there'll be laughter!
They'll set the kettle on and brew your tea,
And in the driftwood glow that follows after
Perhaps they'll speak of me.

THE FISH STORY

Reprinted from the *Saturday Evening Post*

THE river was a-chatterin' around the bend, and scatterin'
A wreath of white foam-flowers where the old gray rock
hunched out—

Like some gaunt brute a-wallerin' with forty furies follerin'—
The minute that I seen it, why, I knowed 'twas made for trout!

The good Lord loved the rivers when He first turned back the
kivers,

And looked upon the little world like one who's had his wish;
Says He, "They're fine for boatin' and they'll save a lot of totin'—
And they'll ramble 'mighty pleasant for the sons of men to fish."

So one half of me was dreamin' while the other half was schemin',
And a'choosin' of a leader and a-pickin' of a fly;
And I marked a fish-hawk wheelin' like he reckons I was stealin',
And I seen a cloud go reelin' in the mirror of the sky.

Shucks! I ain't much good at workin', and Old Trouble's allus
lurkin'

When I opens up my ledger and attempts to beat the "red";
But I knows the merry water like a mother knows her daughter—
And I dunno as I'm sorry that I has the gift, instead.

So I limbered up my tackle, and I hitched a single hackle,
With the dust of moth-wings on it, to the leader, and the line
Slipped the eager tip and swingin' sent the gray fly softly wingin'
To a swirl your hand might kiver—Lord, your river's pretty fine!

Like it happens in a story, up he flashed, a gleam of glory!
Now the reel hums like a hornet, and he leaps to mock the sun!
And the line goes quiver-quiver in the shadders of the river!
As he grabs the slack and takes it like a filly on the run!

As for them that has their fishin' in an office, sittin' wishin',
Well, I wishes they was with me when I leads him careful—out!
And I wishes that the mopish, and the sluggish and the dopish
Might have seen the sunset tingle on a five-pound fightin' trout.

The good Lord loved the rivers when He first turned back the
kivers,
And smiled upon His little world and set the trees along,
And watched the trout a-larkin' where the foam flecks dance and
darken,
And He leaned a bit to hearken to the whole beguilin' song.



CASTLES IN SPAIN

IF ANY child owns a castle in Spain, ruby turreted, blue moated, it is high time that castle were vacated. For day dreaming, said a profound psychiatrist at the national health congress, unfits the dreamer for the practical world. The child grows up without a grip on things, and comes to no good end; which is to say that little if any property is acquired. So, goodbye, castle in Spain, ringed with green hills and tuneful with laughter. Good-by. This heritage is folly.

It is not so, let the glum psychiatrists say what they will. For it is better, far better, to be a peasant with a dream than a prince who cannot summon a dream for the life of him, nor for the half of his realm. Let them prove first that the boy Columbus, jeered at, scoffed at, with his wild vision of a new trade route, did not have day dreams all his own. Let them prove that this man Amundsen, who has visited both ends of the earth and who is by way of being a most practical fellow, did not dream day dreams when he was a stripling. Or Shelley. Or Drake. Or the lank, awkward youth that was Lincoln, and in whose eyes there was always a dream.

There has long been a suspicion dearly cherished by philoso-

phers that the practical way is not always the true way, and that there is resident in the spirit a being as actual as we are; another and finer self, who must have his dreams—or die. They are quaint fellows—these learned scholars, the psychiatrists—and if we are not careful they will impale us all on pins to study us the better. They are quaint because, pretending to comprehend dreams, they do not understand the dreamer. And to dreams, to the delicate, azure fabric of dreams, they do things that are most cruel and wicked. Out upon them! Dreamers we have been and dreamers we shall remain. A world without a dream would be a nut without a kernel, a fruit without savor, a food without zest.

There are many castles in Spain. Some of them are in need of repair, and the wild mullein has its way with their courts, and their towers contain broods of owls and creatures of the night. They are tenantless, and each that has no master represents dismay and disillusionment and the conquest of the practical. But others are bright as the day they were reared, stone by impalpable stone, and from these have ridden and shall ride such men and women as are the very tonic of life and the hope of the race.



DARKLING SHE STRODE TO WESTWARD

DREAMING beside the river,
He saw the Dark Woman pass—
Her stride from hill to hollow
Was as the wind on the grass;
Girt were her limbs with the golden
Weave of the ripened grain,
Her wild geese strove at her shoulder—
She held in leash the rain.

Breast-high the firs were to her,
Her breasts were brown and bare,
Shaped of an ancient sunrise
Was the jewel in her hair.
Her hair was deep as midnight
When never a world shines through,
Her breath was mist on the meadow,
And the mist was the clustered dew.

Darkling she strode to westward,
With scarlet flowers at her feet;
The glance she had for the valley
Was secret and strangely sweet.
She stroked with her hand in passing
The plume of a grateful tree;
And on her mouth was the Summer,
And in her eyes was the Sea.

It was she that talks with April—
At her white thought the thorn
Bursts bright with spray by the plowland,
Beyond the sprouting corn.
It was she that wakes the sweetbrier
And gives to loam the leaf—
Yet she may not walk with gladness,
Nor may she walk with grief.

All timeless and uncompanioned,
All lonely and without years,
She that the wild geese follow
Has neither laughter nor tears.
She gives cool drink to her meadows
Ringed round by a thirsty land—
But she may not love the meadow
More than she loves the sand.

O, sure it is at morning
To breathe of the rose she is fain—
Yet she must tend the torn weed
In the trampled dust of the lane.
Into her charge they are given,
And she must mother them all—
The beauty that is the white swan,
The mottled death by the wall.

Joy she must yield who never
Herself may taste of joy—
The song in the throat of the singer,
The dream in the heart of a boy.
Grief she must give who never
Herself may fall asleep,
To enter the land they only
Shall win who sometime weep.

Into her charge are given
Noonlight and starlight and dawn,
Storm and the tides of ocean,
And all the days that are gone;
And all the years that are toward,
Whatever the years may hold—
Till her toil in the final twilight
Is as a tale that is told.

Darkling she strode to westward,
Gracious against the sky,
Her wild geese strove at her shoulder,
Her hawk on the hunt swept by;
And in her eyes was the Ocean,
And on her lips was the South—
And a little drab bird flew heavenward
To sing before her mouth.

Dreaming beside the river,
He saw the Dark Woman pass,
Her stride from hill to hollow
Was as the wind on the grass—
And a hush came over the meadow,
A murmur of prayer to the tree,
As she paused on her hills by the river
And cast the gray rain free.



JAYBIRD IN A STORM

WET and windy weather, wild and rainy weather, with Drift creek coming up fast and the wine-stained alders striving in the gusty sea-wind. But a crested jaybird on an alder bough, peering down to see the swirling, saffron stream, what need a jaybird care? Come storm or sunshine, January or June, it is all one to a jaybird, for joyousness is a matter of being alive. And the shrouded storm swept over the creek in gray processional, while the jaybird mocked the storm. Yes, sir, she was coming up pretty fast.

Those that have a crest to wear should bear it jauntily. And those that have a jaybird's heart should never know a piety. Fear is for lesser fowl and greater ones. Let the storm strike chillness to them in the wine-stained alder thickets all along the creek. Let

them hide away. For they haven't the secret that jaybirds possess, the intuition that is the key to all manner of things, which is that wet and windy weather, any sort of weather, scarcely can be otherwise than good weather, too. From his bough in the striving alder the jaybird peered at the yellow water. On a jaybird's word, mister, she's coming up fast. And out of a glad and whimsical heart, the heart of a rogue with a jaunty crest, the jaybird mocked the rain.

You fly through the gusty, dim smother of it—so—and away, if you are a jaybird, well knowing that never a wittier, wiser, daring, more thievish and excellent fellow ever came from the egg into an excellent world, and the alders across the creek receive you—so—and then you fly back again, mocking the wind and the wetness. And fishermen, chill at their fire, tormented of wind and of patience, cannot but admire you—by a saffron, dignified eddy of Drift creek not far from the sea. You have such an admirable, mocking, fine humor for all sorts of weather—as though the manner of day did not matter. The jaybird dined as he perched on the bough of the alder, and peered at the hastening current again. Old creek was coming up pretty fast.

This is a jaybird's world in the wet, wild weather, for a jaybird doesn't mind it, and he bears his crest bravely to meet it, and mockery is in his remarks, as though the weather were sunny, and the wind and the rain that swirl grayly around him, these are a jaybird's privilege, too. It is a whimsical, droll business to be alive, he was remarking, and one should not expect too greatly of it, and yet it is always a happy affair, if you consider it quite as a jaybird should. They that wear crests ought to know how to bear them. Jauntily. So. And the jaybird peered down at the creek again, to perceive that a jaybird had been entirely correct in a jaybird's conclusions. She was coming up fast in an early wild twilight. Jim Dinkens of Beagle, he says that eagles won't touch 'em.

THE FOXGLOVES RAN AWAY

THE hollyhocks stayed in the garden, lovely and tall and prim. Year after year the sweet-william bloomed where she first scattered the seeds, her sunbonnet bobbing. But the foxgloves ran away. That was ever so long ago, in the time when they went to the well for water and cleaned the lamps every morning, and the farm was yet to be cleared, and the railroad yet to come. The foxgloves ran away.

They stole away to the grooved greenness of the creek that threads both willow and alder, and they drank of the hill water and were tall and wild. They went away from the garden to the giant terraces of the hills, and they lifted themselves in the sunshine, wine-hued and stainless white, against the flank of the range. The wind and the bird were at their bidding, and the foxgloves ran away. To the dust of a country road, where the slow tires creaked and clamored over the rounded river stones. To a meadow in the forest, where the deer graze and the observant trees draw near to that central silence of meadow. To a cleft in the rock that is sentinel over the valley. The hollyhocks stayed in the garden and the sweet-williams blossomed, come season, go season, where first she gave their seeds to the soil. But the foxgloves ran away.

They ran away into wildness, where the small gray foxes are hidden, before the railroad came or grandfather had his pension. Before the north forty was cleared or there was talk of going to college. Ever so long ago, it was, and the pigeons swirling, drifting, in a time when salmon came up the creek as far as the milk house. For she had loved gardens. A place where such flowers should blossom, back of the squashes, perhaps, but still and all a garden. Her sunbonnet bobbing over the seeds that she planted, over the clement earth that had the secret of beauty, and a dream in her heart, and a smile, and somehow a memory of somewhere in Illinois, let's pretend. What is a garden of flowers? She could not have answered, save only that flowers are something to love, and that know when you love them. A garden of flowers is a place of refuge, after the washing of dishes, the sewing of patches, the

milking of cows. She knew this, although she couldn't have told you, planting the seeds of her garden before the railroad came or grandfather had his pension.

But the foxgloves ran away. How often, in all the years that have been since the time of her garden, have travelers turned to the foxgloves, wine-hued and stainless white, where the runaways rose from the wayside, high as your shoulder, cool in the heat and the dust of the day—and, so turning, have felt for a moment all that she knew in her garden. How often have children gone to the foxgloves, filling their arms with flowers that are the seed of her planting. And nobody knows who she was, nor cares, and it matters never at all. She would be pleased if she knew where they are today, on the hill, and the cliff, by the stream, in the forest, blossomed along the road—causing it all to seem a garden and given from her own hands. The hollyhocks stayed in the garden—but the foxgloves ran away.



SHE WALKS BESIDE PLOWMEN

HE WENT out to plow after rain had fallen, since the soil was then right for it. There was no more than a vagrant wind, but it was vital with the gift of the cloud and the grateful breathing of the stubble, and the wind went past his cheek as something alive and gentle, and oddly happy. The odor of horses was pleasant to him, for it is a friendly odor, and he remarked with satisfaction the dreaming mist on the hills, and heard as though the clamor were music the outcry of the flowing crows as he set the plow to its furrow. To plow a field beside the golden willows that shone with wetness. The cock pheasants were crowing.

It is a good field and plows well. The loam parts readily to the iron, and the plodding horses make little work of plowing. And the share, as you turn it, flashes across the field to the house in the

orchard. It is good loam, and in it is that same promise, that sureness, the wind brings to these acres—gravely joyous, certain, and vital. It is as though life dwells in the earth, and issues from loam and wetness, and all invisibly but with realness tinctures the small, slow wind that passes. There is a silence not unlike the nearness of someone, all silent, with whom speech is not needful—and in the soft stillness the loam whispers aside from the iron, and the gear strikes minor, clear notes of music. It is a good field and plows well after rain.

They were pagan who fancied, as children believe in their dreaming, that out of the earth issued strength, out of the living and chemic loam, no less the truly for that it was all unseen. And Antaeus, smitten down by the fist of the hero, rose again from the marvelous breast of earth with a strength greater than ever—rose and prevailed. Someone who plowed in the long ago, and who called to his plodding cattle as the loam crumbled—someone who plowed after rain in an ancient and stranger land—wove this fable when the plover ran calling before him and the wind was soft to his cheek. He would know. Yes, surer than any knowing, he would feel the brooding, infinite, earthen, and vital silence that walks the new plowing. Someone who plowed in the long ago, and called to his plodding cattle.

He went out to plow after rain, when the field waited. Could it have been no later than yesterday, and the hour seven, or was it so long ago that cities have fallen since, and the sea has taken the meadow again, and nothing remains save a tale on the page of a book? It is no matter. He went out to plow after rain, and the field and the wind were vital to him, and of a strange nearness that has nothing in common with distance—of an odd nearness, earthen and silent, that walked like a friend in the wind, and watched the slow furrow. He heard the clamorous crows, and the willows were golden, and the share flashed as it turned—and the mist on the hills was gently, gravely gray, and yet happy. Who walks beside plowmen?

THE AUTHOR

BEN HUR LAMPMAN is a product of that much-maligned middle west. First in Wisconsin, where he was born, then in North Dakota, and more recently in Oregon he gave expression to his immaculate English in inspiring poetry and felicitous prose. Twelve or fourteen years ago he joined the staff of *The Morning Oregonian* in Portland, and almost instantly won a large following of faithful and understanding readers when he began weaving into beautiful fabric the unlovely happenings of the police court. How gentle became the way of erring men when translated into his kind and philosophic narratives of the day's crime! How frequently, under the influence of his words, a Jezebel took the form of a wayward Ruth!

The beauty and understanding that Ben Hur Lampman found in the misadventures of mankind soon stamped him as of that finer clay and, signed or unsigned, his "stories" of the seamy side of life became classic among newspaper men and women, and policemen pondered on the fidelity and unusualness of his writing. His poems about this time were tossed prodigally about among his friends, or became crumpled in the pocket of some wight who slumbered restlessly in a cell, touched by the humanity of such a friendly scrivener.

From this to other fields he fared, and, no matter upon what subject he wrote, he was forever putting into printed words such gossamer thoughts as ordinary man usually catches only in sanctuary. For that reason "How Could I Be Forgetting?" is published.

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For that reason, too, these few additional and more tangible facts are now set down to supplement the foregoing written six years ago for the jacket on the first printing of "How Could I Be Forgetting?" Mr. Lampman's birthplace is Barron, Wisconsin, and that state may be proud that he first looked out upon the world he was to consider so kindly, there on August 12, 1886. Before he

was twenty he had taken up residence with his family in North Dakota, where he himself, as a lad of nineteen was to found, edit and publish the *Michigan (N.D.) Arena*; and at Neche, his father, with the aid of his accomplished sons, was to publish that most original of weekly newspapers, the *Neche Chronotype*. How pampered the militant newspapers and magazines of today appear, really, beside that weekly outburst of good printing, exquisite writing and almost foolhardy editorial courage! When the Lampmans forsook the *Arena* and the *Chronotype* something was lost of Journalism in the broad, bleak acres of North Dakota, but Ben Hur Lampman was to stretch his editorial legs in the more romantic environs of Gold Hill, Oregon, and thus Oregon came into possession of him.

Yet, before he left the middle west, North Dakota was to contribute a further refining influence on the fires that were burning within him, and love and romance tugged at his whimsical soul, and won. There in Michigan, N. D., in 1906 Lena McEwen Sheldon, a sprightly and young school teacher who had come from New York state became his wife and counsellor,—indeed, his chancellor—and without whom the first printing of "How Could I Be Forgetting?" might never have been made, for it was she, with me, who had to gather together the writings that were to make that first published volume—such a sluggard in his own vineyard is this writer of gossamer thoughts. What a revelation of North Dakota Ben Hur Lampman was to her fluttering heart! Only someone who has taught native and alien in the North Dakota schools can know how gregariously they were drawn one to the other—this New York girl and this friendly and fanciful scrivener.

But to Oregon they came, first to Gold Hill in 1912 for four years to publish the *Gold Hill News*, and then to Portland in 1916. Ben Hur Lampman was hurled into the journalistic cauldron of police court reporting and how he cringed for a week or so under the Spartan atrocities of the police reporters of that day, who were soon to learn from him the robust strength of gentleness, and hail him king and consort.

In the newspaper foray we have reporters, and editors, star reporters and feature writers—the literary guild in all its nuances and nonsense. All these were Ben Hur Lampman, at time sitting as the arch priest for all of them. Soon his name was to adorn many of the articles he wrote, but suddenly it was no longer necessary, for his style revealed the name in the anonymity; so much so that today whether it be the by-product of his editorial pen appearing in Eastern publications, or his literary conjuring in *The Oregonian*, the readers recognize him, or not infrequently find the talented and suspected plagiarist to be Ben Hur Lampman himself. Like Tiffany's unlabeled store on Fifth avenue in New York which shoppers know is Tiffany's regardless, so do thousands of his readers know the invisible hallmark of Ben Lampman's workmanship, wherever wrought.

Such things as Ben Hur Lampman writes for *The Oregonian* as a matter of course and livelihood may often be found in the *Nature Magazine* and elsewhere. *The Saturday Evening Post* has likewise preserved his poetry in its populous pages.

There is much more to tell, but "How Could I Be Forgetting?" is ever remindful.

WALTER W. R. MAY

Portland, Oregon, February 1, 1933.

